

DISCLAIMER →

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

CONSUMER →  
INFORMATION

\$2.50  
\$2.95 CAN.

LOGO →

WITH IGNATZ!

MARKETING  
PLOY →

HUMAN  
INTEREST →



DIRTY  
JOKE →



SURREALISM →



IN-JOKE →

IMPECCABLE  
GOOD  
TASTE →

ART →  
ARTIFICE →

REPRODUCTION →

OVERRATED →

ERUDITION →  
PRETENCE →

ANTIMALASSAR →



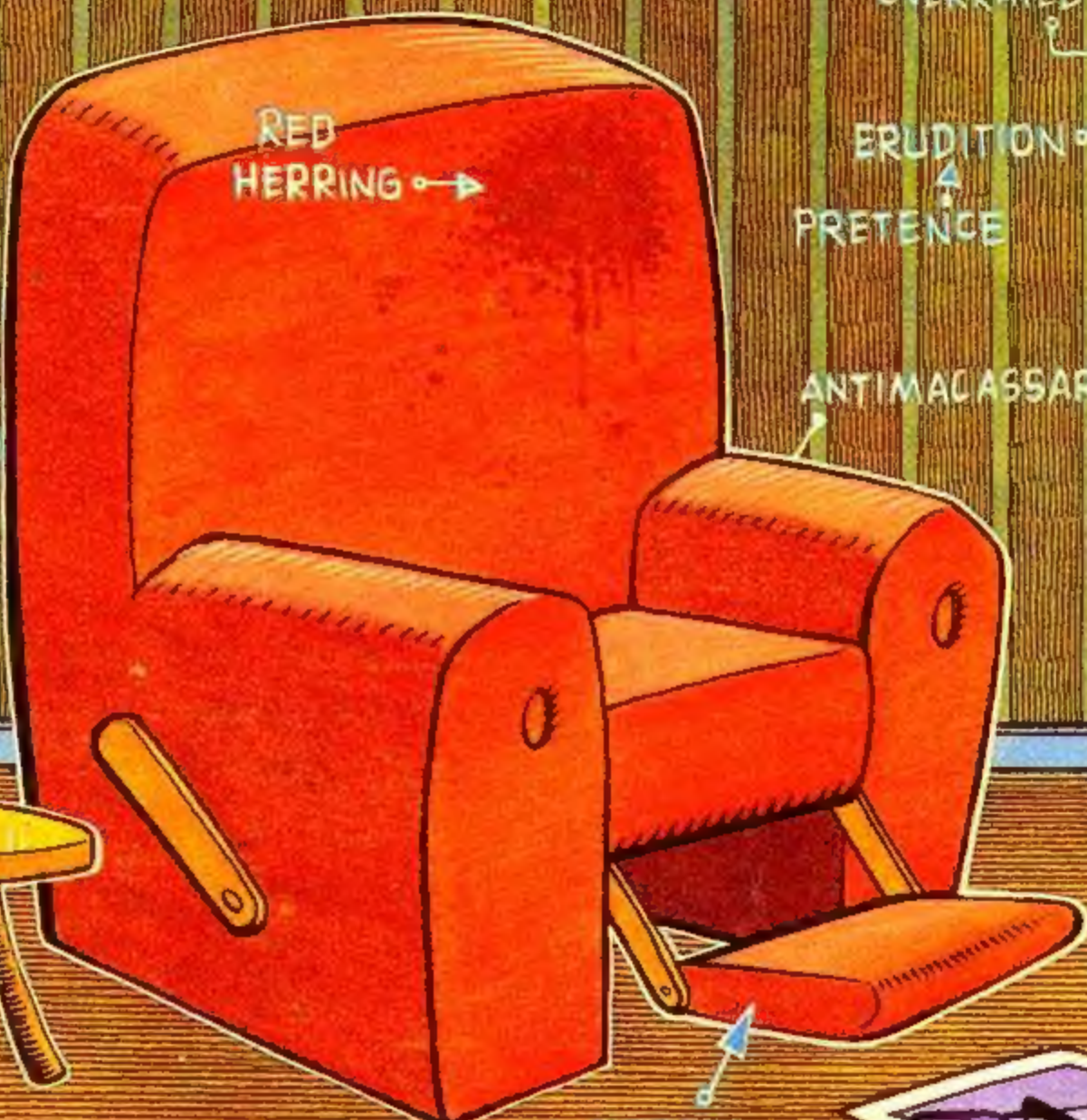
Derek Seals

TOPICAL  
REFERENCE →

POUF →

RED  
HERRING →

KITSCH →



TOKENISM →

MYSTERY →

A MODEST  
INDULGENCE →



INNERMOST  
JOKE →

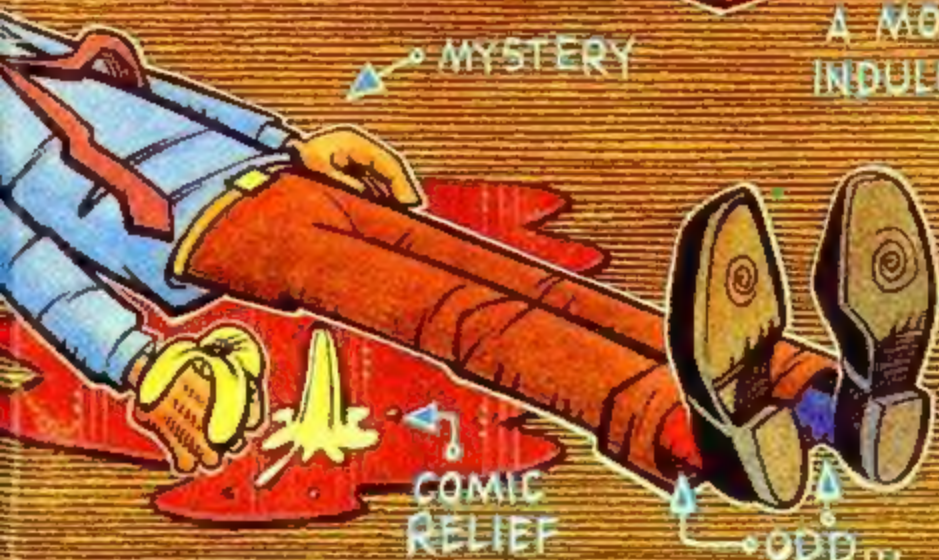
COINCIDENCE? →

CLUE →

EVIDENCE →

COMIC  
RELIEF →

ODD... →



ZOOT



# ZOOT!

NUMBER TWO ~ Andrew and Roger Langridge

Nominally Edited by Gary Groth

Do you watch commercial television? Love artificial food colourings?  
Well, this is the Zoot for **YOU!**

## SPECIAL SHORT ATTENTION SPAN ISSUE

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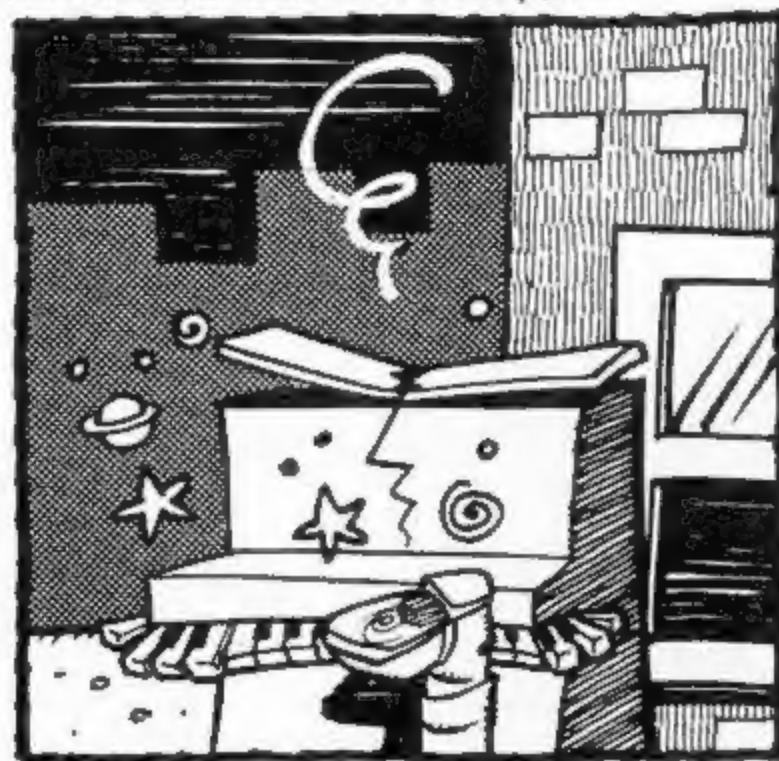
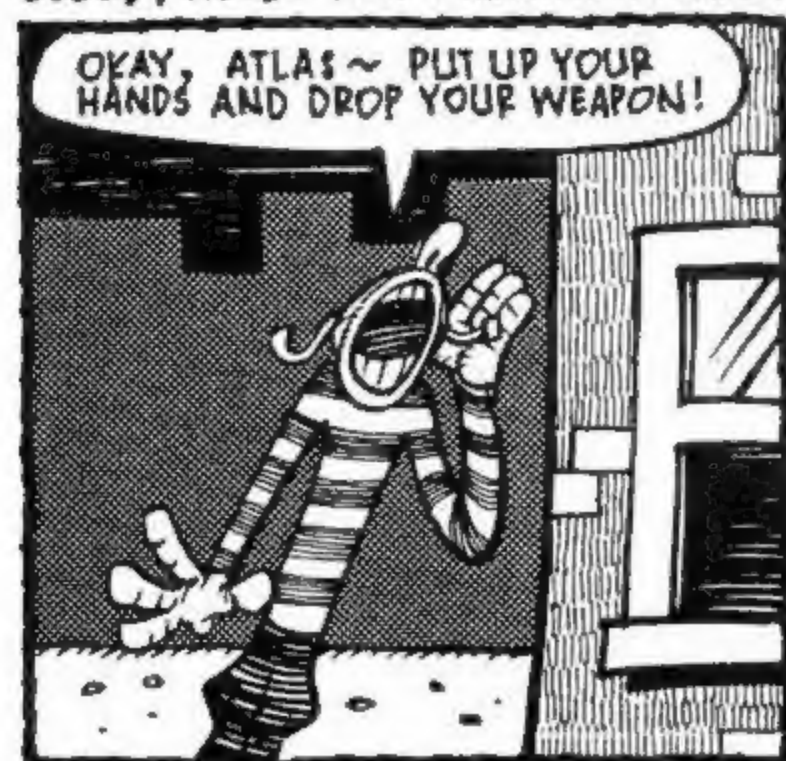
(WOW, DIDN'T **YOU** GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH!)

**ZOOT # 2** ~ COVER = ANDREW WOULD LIKE TO THANK DKD'S FOR CHEMICAL ASSISTANCE.

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SKINNY BILL (by Legar Reuths) = LEGAR REUTHS IS AN OBSCURE NEW ZEALAND CARTOONIST WHOSE BIZARRE SELF-PUBLISHED COMIC STRIPS OF THE 1970s INFLUENCED A GENERATION. SKINNY BILL IS REPRINTED HERE WITH HIS PERMISSION.	13
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PIANO CHOCOLAT: THIS WAS TOO DUMB FOR IGNATZ SO IT'S BEEN OSTRACISED. APPARENTLY IT'S QUITE POPULAR IN FRANCE	inside back

**IGNATZ # 1** : WE WANTED TO PRINT IGNATZ UPSIDE-DOWN BUT WE FELT THIS WOULD CONFUSE ITS TARGET AUDIENCE (THE DUMB)

ZOOT!	1
ERNST THE FILTHY CAT: WHAT A FILTHY CAT	1
BLOODY HELL: DON'T MISS NEXT ISSUE WHEN YOU CAN HEAR LEPPD SAY ...	

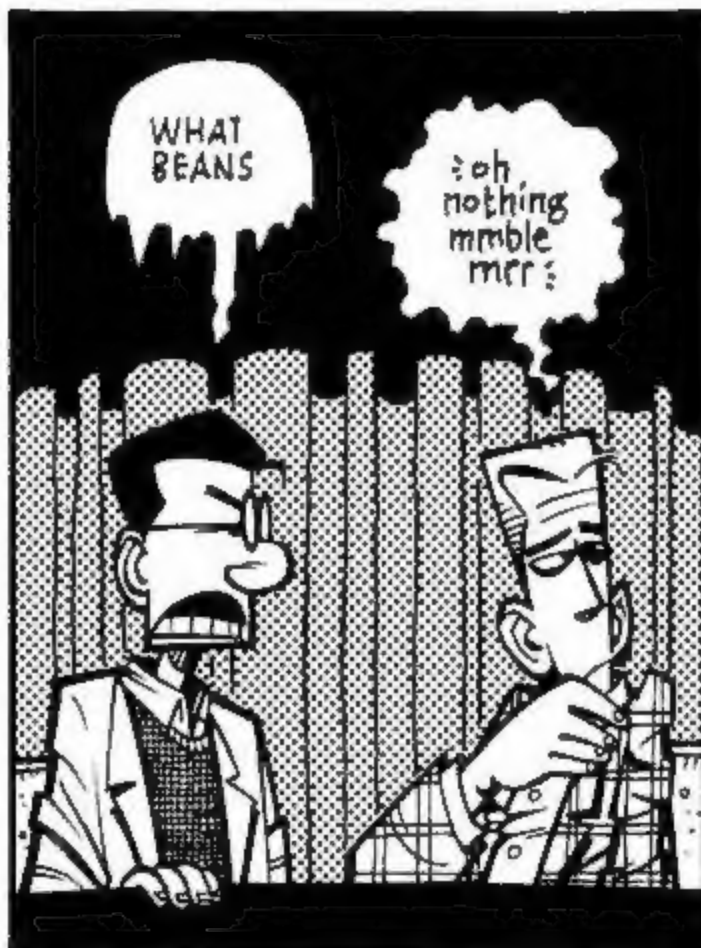
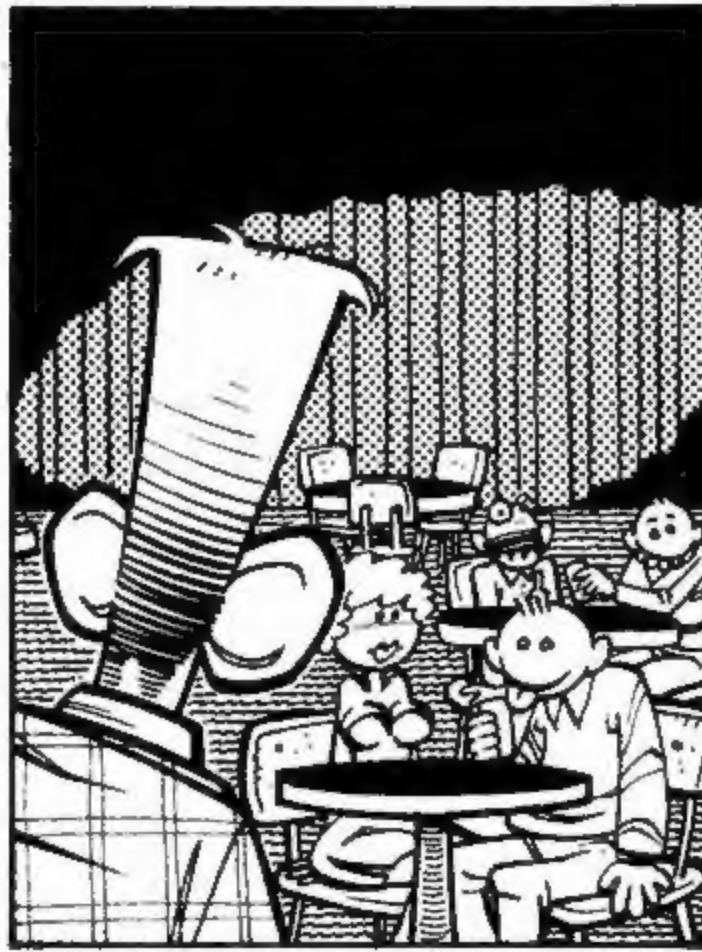


SEND LETTERS TO:  
YOU BASTARD,  
14 ELDON ROAD,  
MT. EDEN,  
AUCKLAND 3,  
NEW ZEALAND  
— WE WANT YOUR MONEY

ZOOT!	2
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# The JOURNEY HALFWAY



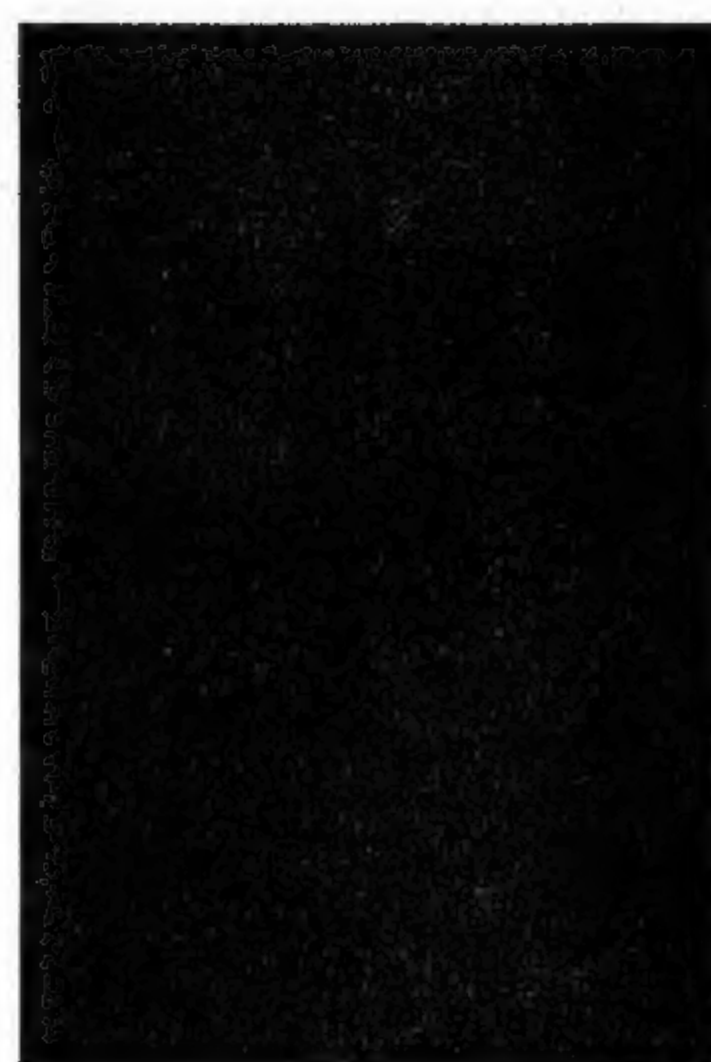
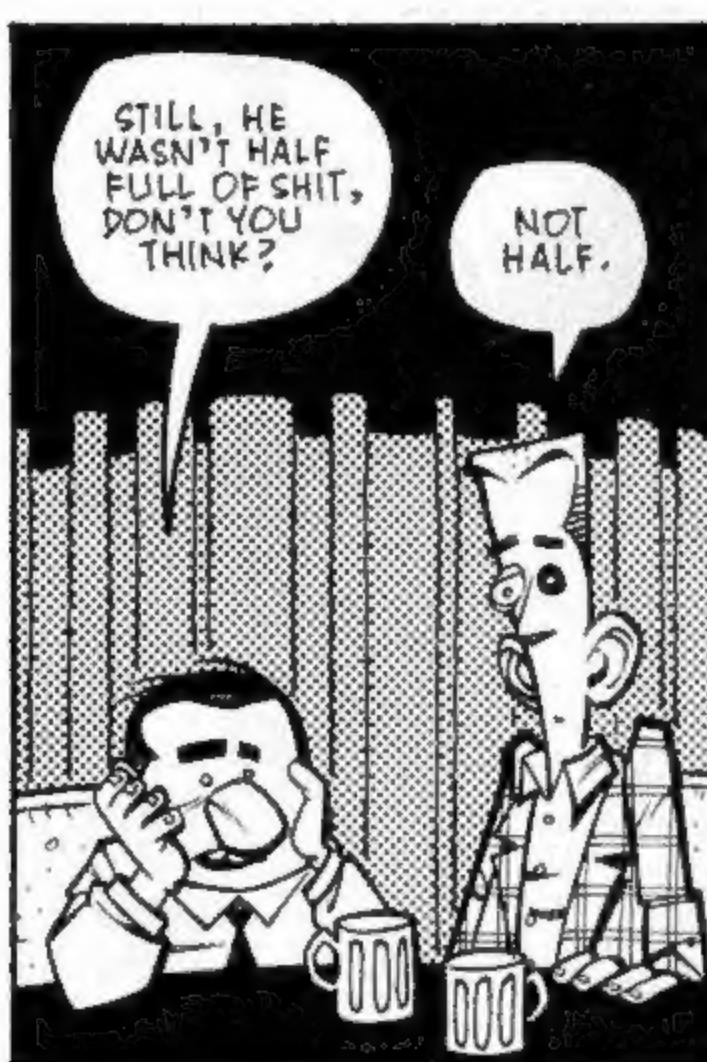
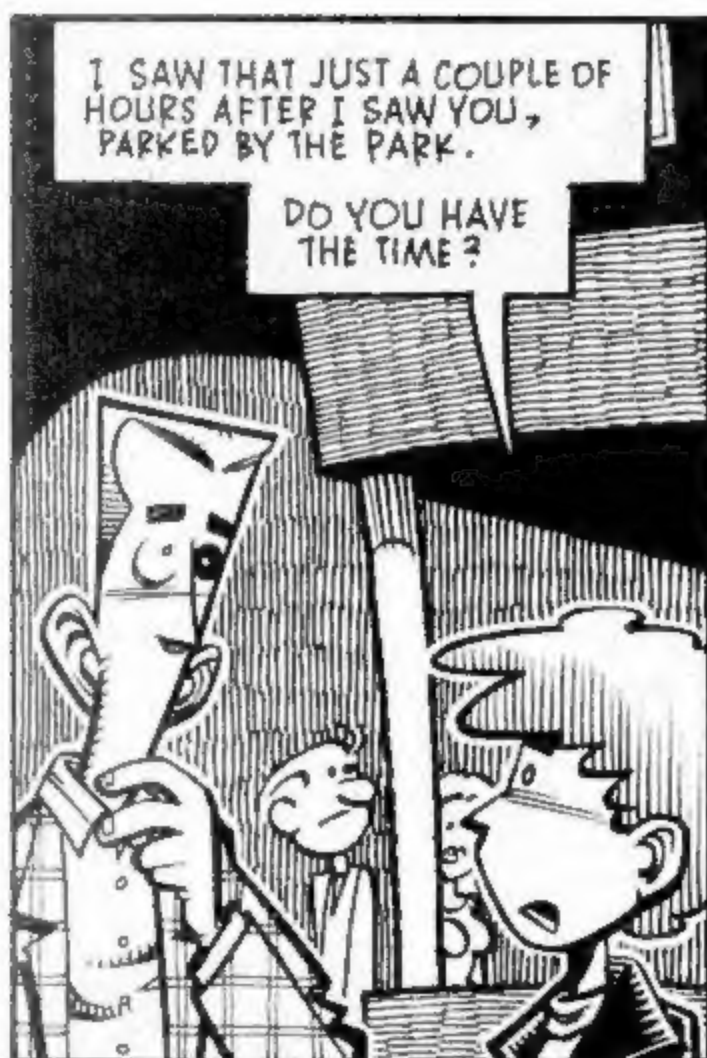






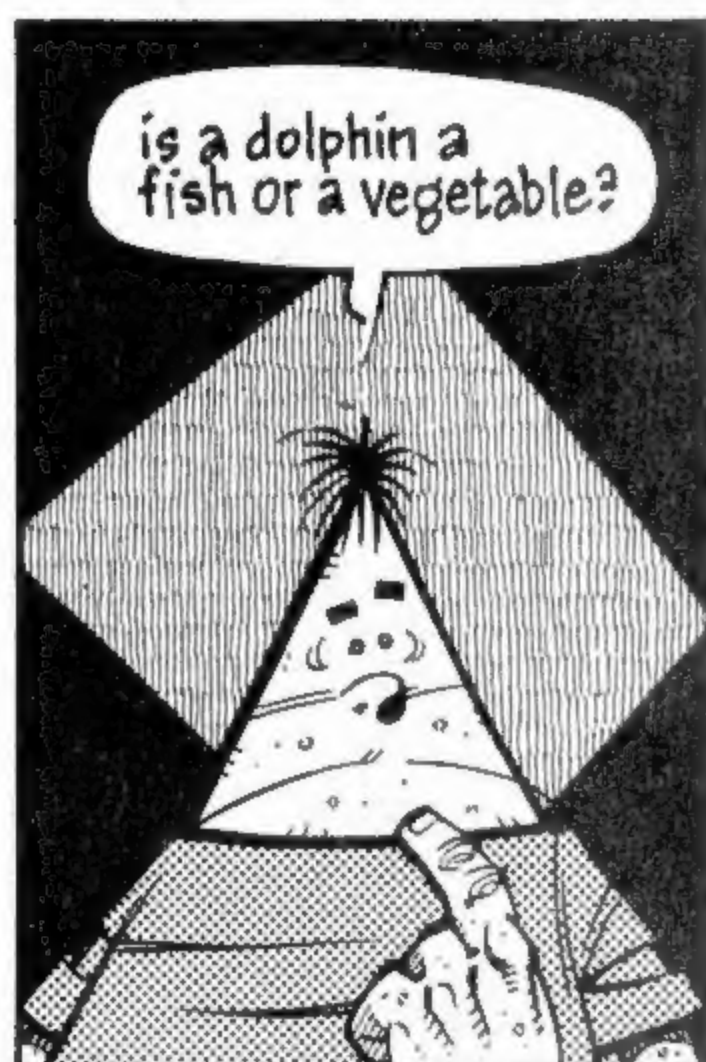
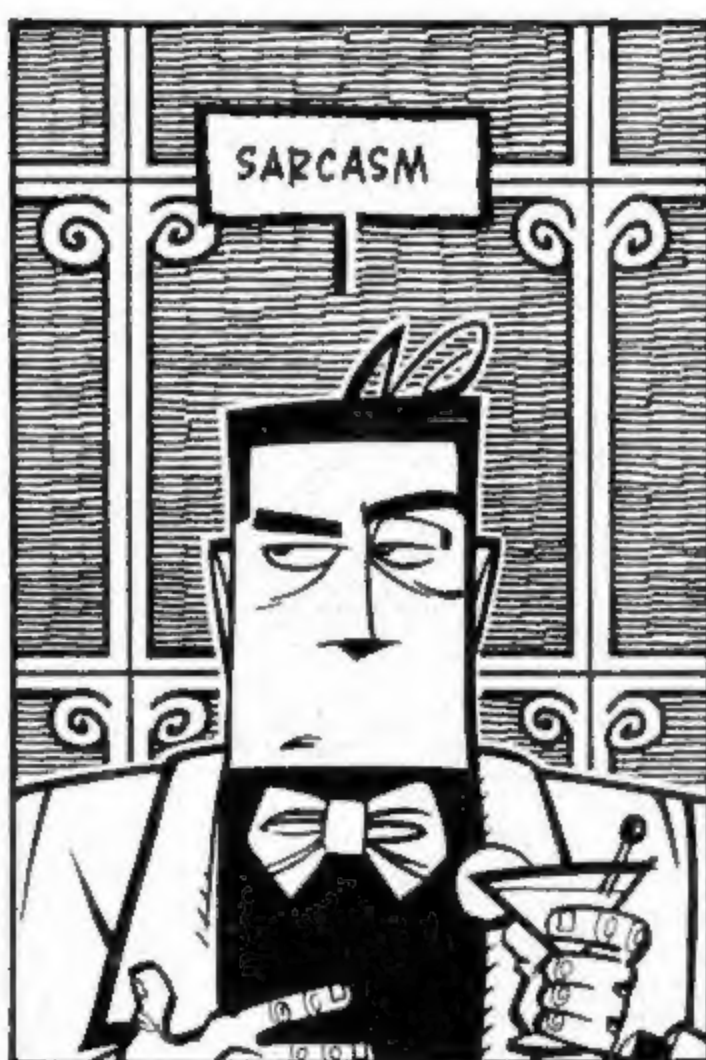








# WHAT SEPARATES HUMANS FROM ANIMALS?





# DEREK SEALS

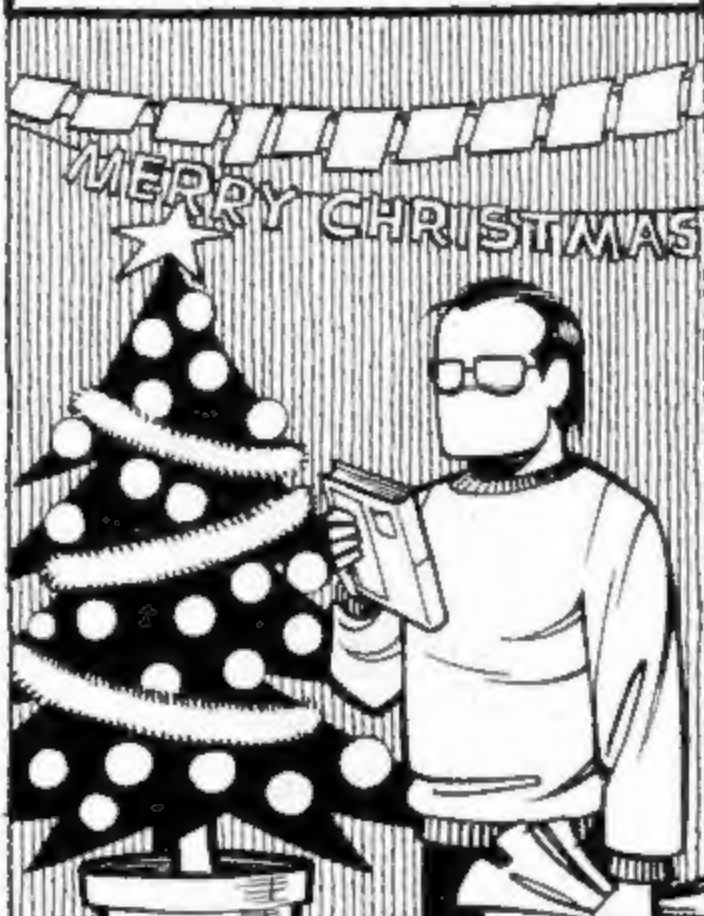
*Continues*

AFTER THIS I GOT TO KNOW DEREK BETTER, SEEING HIM WITH UNPREDICTABLE REGULARITY OVER THE NEXT FEW MONTHS.



HIS BOOK WAS DOING PHENOMENALLY WELL, ATTRACTING POLITE ATTENTION OVERSEAS AND INSINUATING ITSELF INTO ALL MANNER OF CONVERSATION.

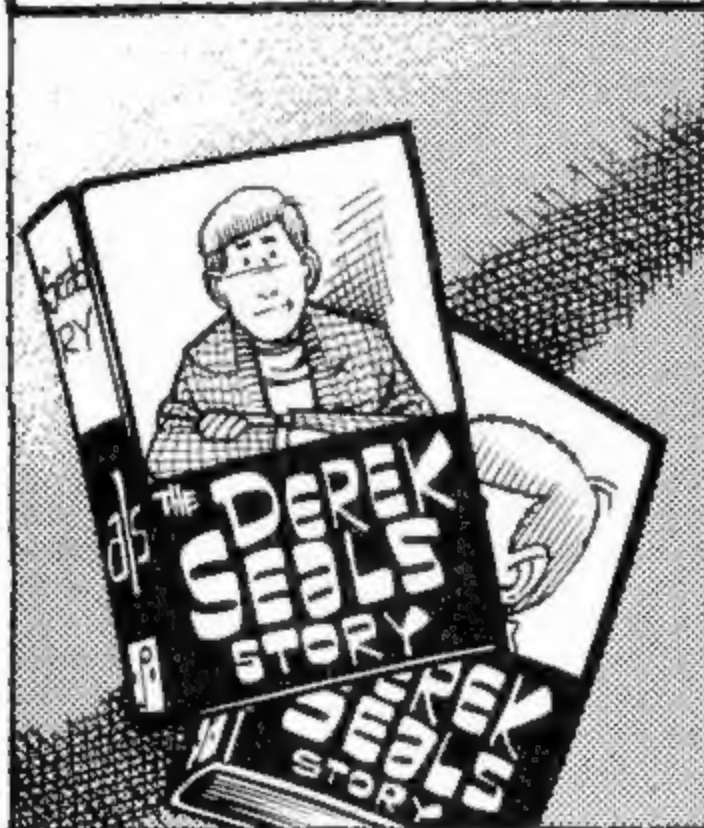
IT BECAME INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO AVOID READING IT.



BUT MY PERSISTENCE SHOULD NOT BE UNDERESTIMATED.



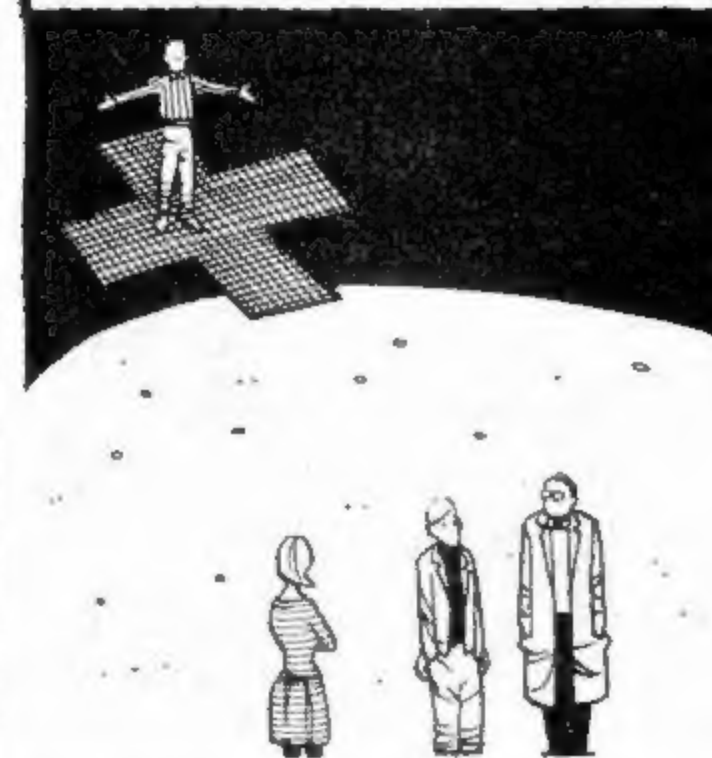
PLEASE UNDERSTAND THAT I WOULD HAVE LOVED TO READ THE BOOK (OR BOOKS - THE PRECISE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PAIRED COVERS WAS STILL OBSCURED BY DISTANCE), BUT COULD NOT.



TOO MANY TIMES I HAD SEEN DEREK TURN UNACCOUNTABLY COLD IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS READERS. TERSE, DISTANT, INDIFFERENT, INDIGNANT.



ONE CLOSE FRIEND (AS CLOSE A FRIEND OF DEREK'S AS I HAD FOUND, THOUGH THE PRECISE TONE OF HIS RELATIONSHIPS WAS EVER BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION) HAD DENIED ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THE BOOK IN SUCH A WAY AS TO IRREPARABLY BETRAY HIS INTIMACY WITH IT. I NEVER SAW THAT PERSON AGAIN.

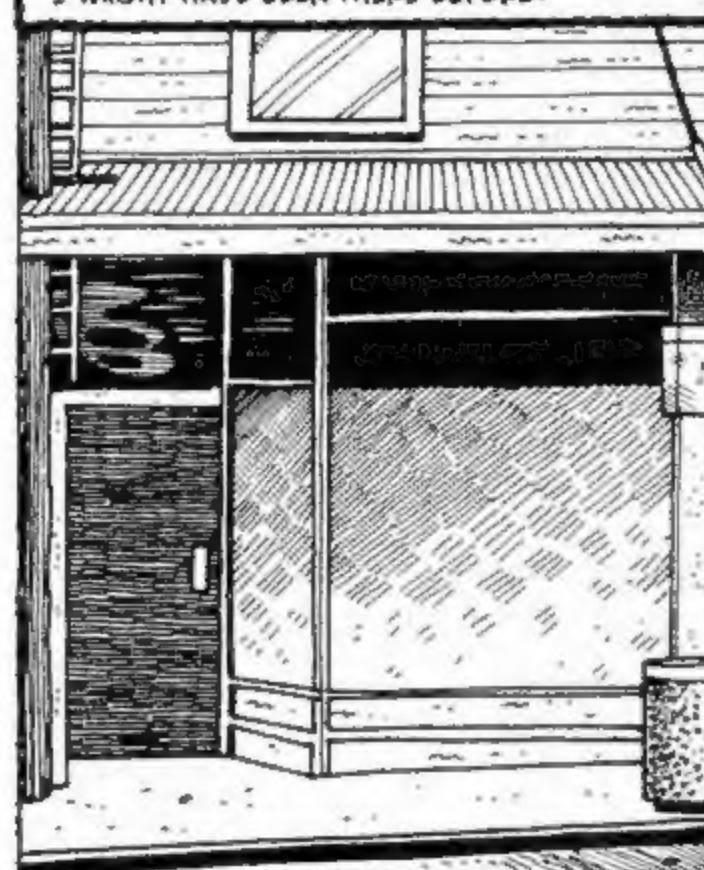


DEREK'S HOSTILITY MAY HAVE BEEN PURELY A CREATURE OF MY OWN TREPIDATION. I COULDN'T KNOW, AND THAT WAS THE POINT.

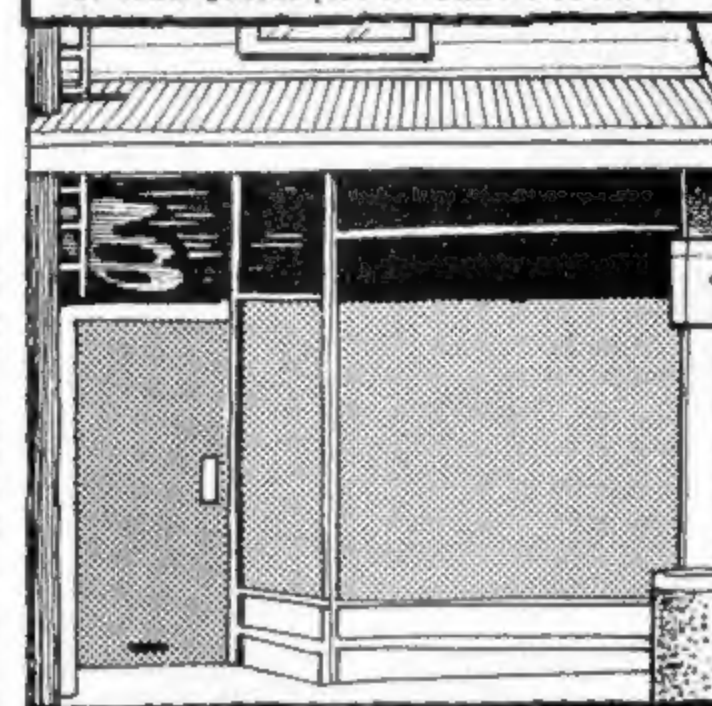


WHAT AM I TO MAKE, THEREFORE, OF THE EVENTS OF LAST WEEK? I VISITED FOR THE FIRST TIME DEREK'S HOME.

WE HAD ENCOUNTERED ONE ANOTHER IN TOWN AND I HAD TAKEN HIM HOME, AN OLD STORE IN AN ABANDONED BLOCK OF SHOPS. I FELT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN THERE BEFORE.



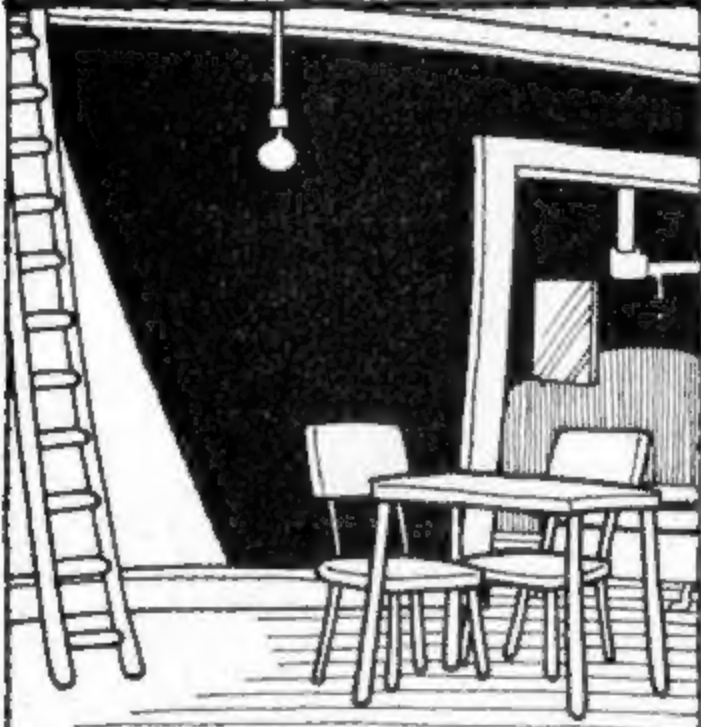
THE NEIGHBOURHOOD WAS QUITE CENTRAL, UNDERGOING A PROCESS OF GENTRIFICATION THAT HAD YET TO REACH THIS PARTICULAR THOROUGHFARE. DEREK'S BLOCK HAD RECENTLY BEEN REPAINTED IN ANTICIPATION OF SOME UNSPECIFIC, UNOBTAINED FUTURE.



THE GLASS BODY OF THE SHOP WAS SCRAPED AND BARE. IT GAVE NO HINT OF ITS OCCUPATION.



PAST A DOORLESS NARROWING (DRESSING ROOMS? STORAGE? A TOILET AND OFFICE CERTAINLY) THERE WAS AN UNFURNISHED LIVING ROOM. A SMALL FORMICA TABLE, TWO CHAIRS.



BEYOND THIS I PRESUMED A BATHROOM OF NASTY AND SLAPPASH CONSTRUCTION. TO THE SIDE A LONG LADDER LED UP TO A LIT ATTIC SPACE WHERE DEREK SLEPT.

DEREK BEGAN COFFEE WITH AN ELECTRIC JUG CONFINED TO ITS CORNER BY A STUNTED CORD. HE HARDLY TALKED, BUT I HAD GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HIS SILENCE BY THIS TIME. IT FORMED A PLEASANT ALIBI.



I HAD NOTICED THE VAST QUANTITY OF BOOKS FORMING WALLS OF PERHAPS A FOOT IN HEIGHT WHICH DIVIDED THE LARGE ROOM, MAH-JONGG-LIKE, INTO MANAGEABLE COMPARTMENTS OF NO APPARENT PURPOSE. I AVERTED MY EYES AUTOMATICALLY BUT SOON FOUND MY GLANCE FLITTING HELPLESSLY AROUND IN A COMPLICATED SYSTEM OF MAGNETIC RICOCHETS.



DEREK CHOSE TO SIT ON A LARGE PILE OF BOOKS. I TURNED AWKWARDLY TO FACE HIM AS WE SIPPED AND CHATTED INTERMITTENTLY.



MY SKITTISH EYES WERE ACCRETING A HEADACHE AND SO I ADUMBRATED MY EVENTUAL APOLOGIES. DEREK UNDERSTOOD INSTANTLY AND PREEMPTED ME.



AS I ROSE TO LEAVE HE CASUALLY OFFERED ME, WITH A SHY, NEGLIGENT GESTURE, A COPY OF HIS BOOK. THE ORANGE EDITION, WHICH UNTIL NOW I HAD NOT SEEN CLOSELY.



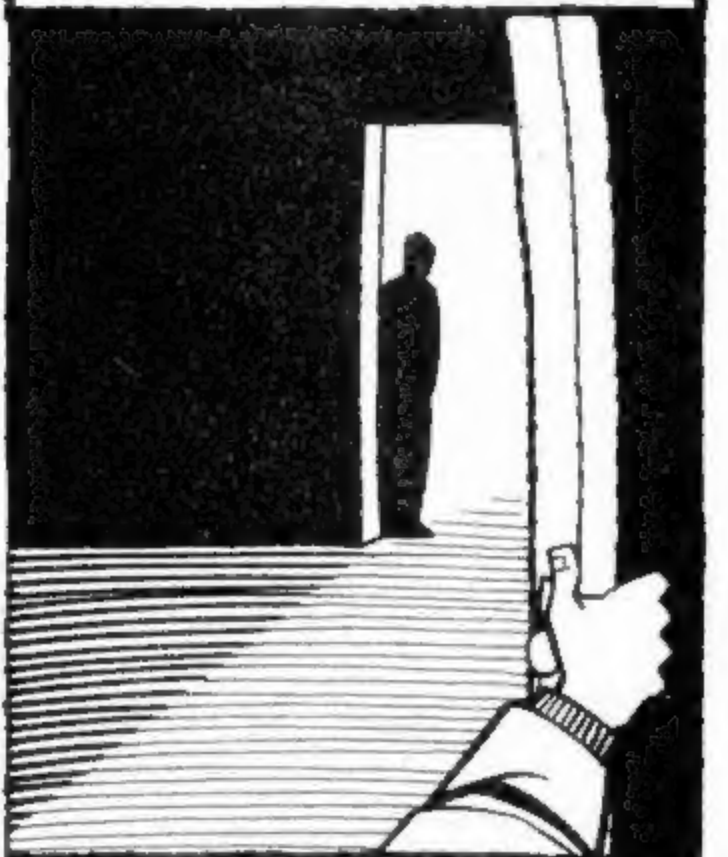
I TRIED TO THANK HIM CASUALLY, BUT AS I MOVED AWAY, RISING, ACCEPTING, RESPONDING, I KICKED OVER A SMALL FOOTHILL OF BOOKS.



DEREK'S NONCHALANT INDIFFERENCE INSISTED I IGNORE THE MISHAP SO I SHUFFLED A STUTTERING WALK, HALF-TURNING IN FAREWELL THROUGH TO THE FRONT OF THE SHOP.



AS I REACHED THE STREET, STEALING AN EXCUSE TO TURN BACK ON SHUTTING THE DOOR, I NOTICED DEREK STARING QUIZZICALLY AT ME.



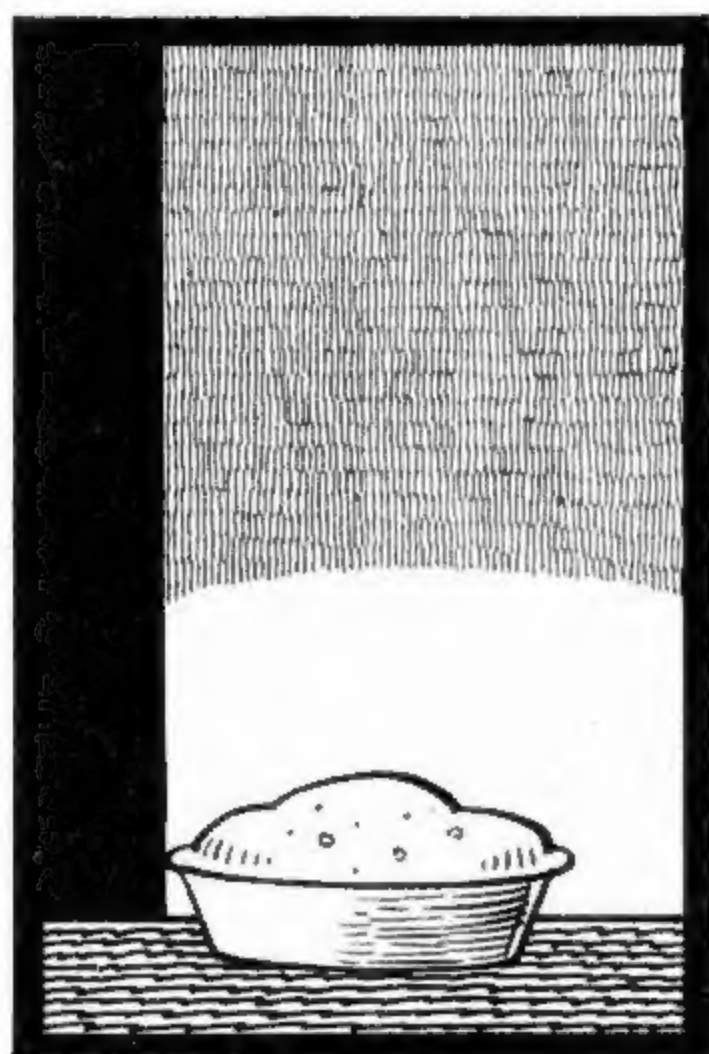
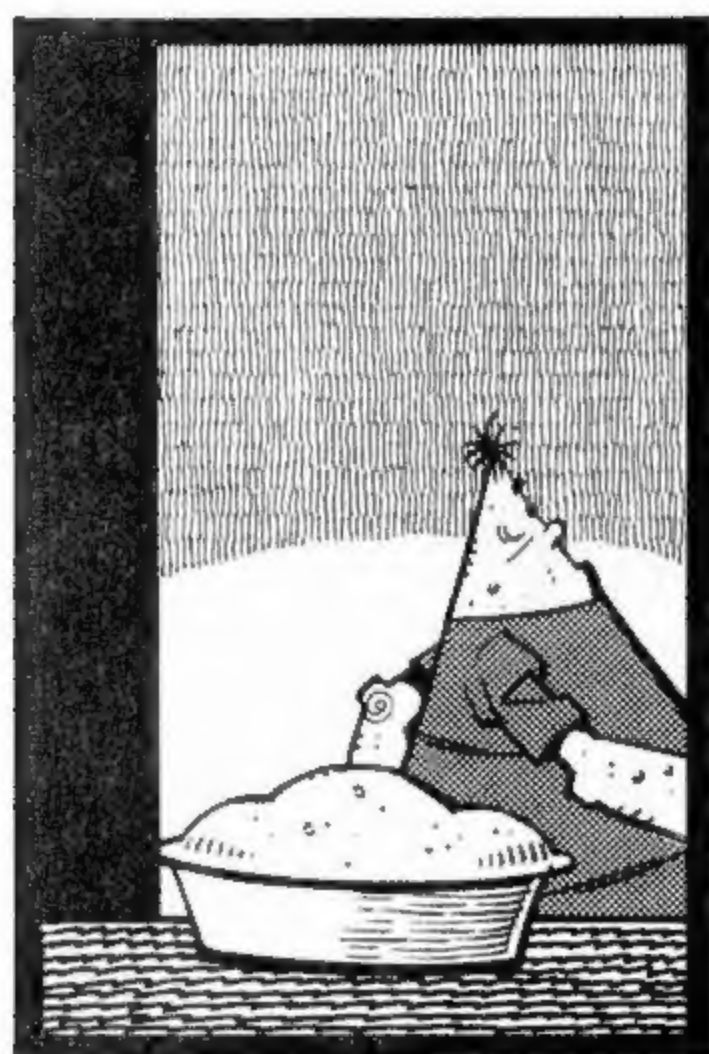
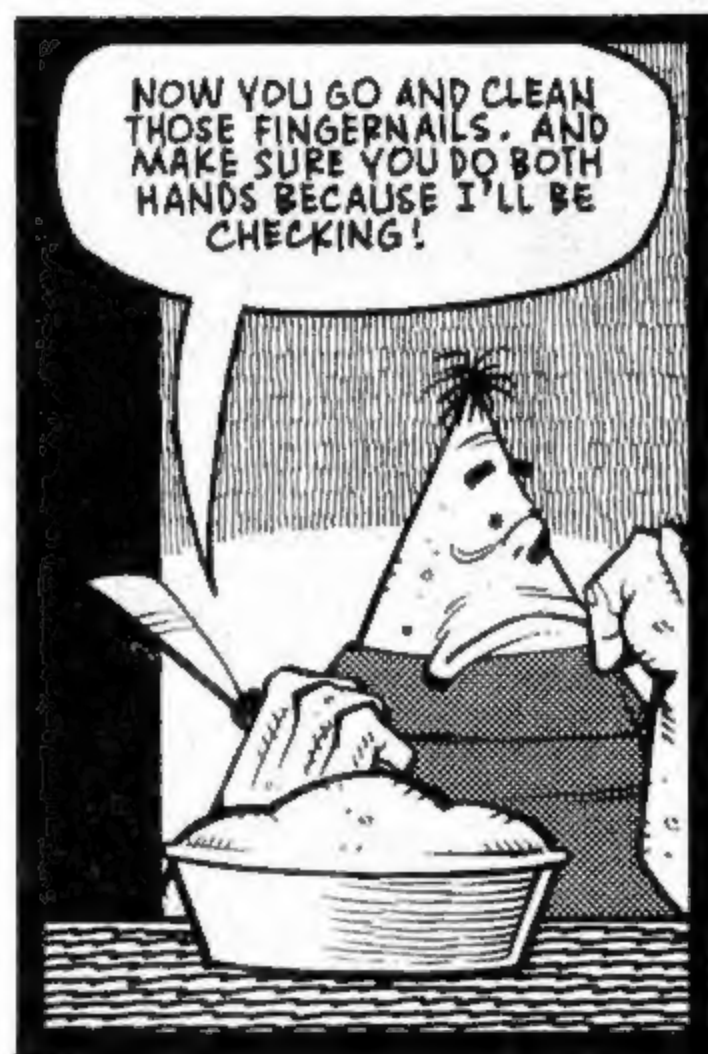
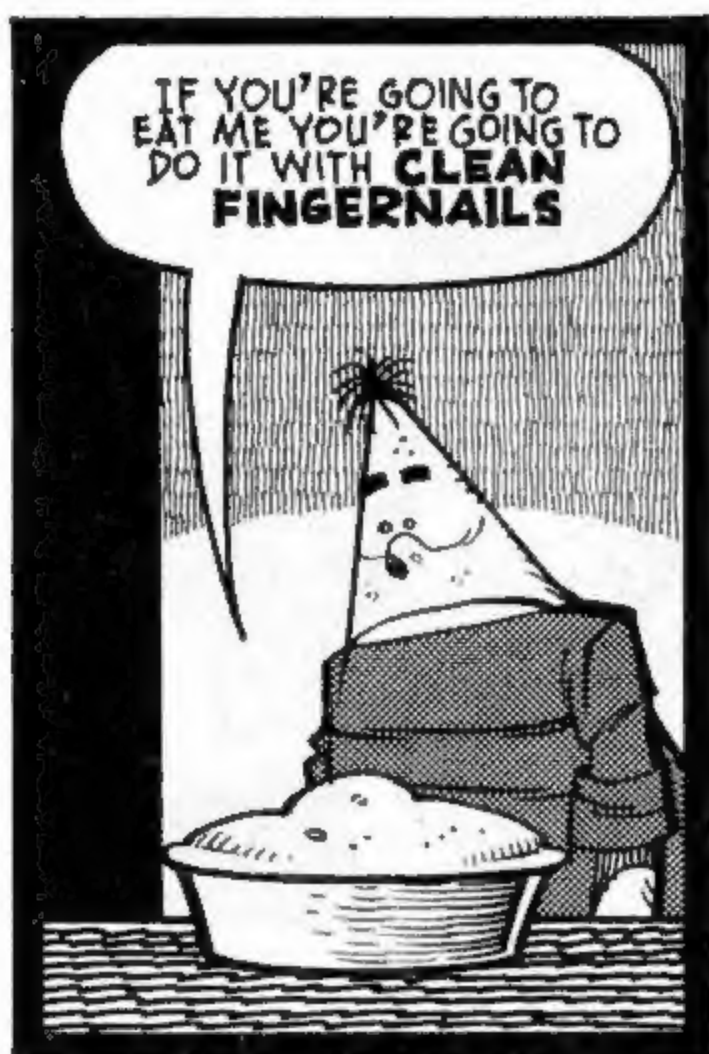
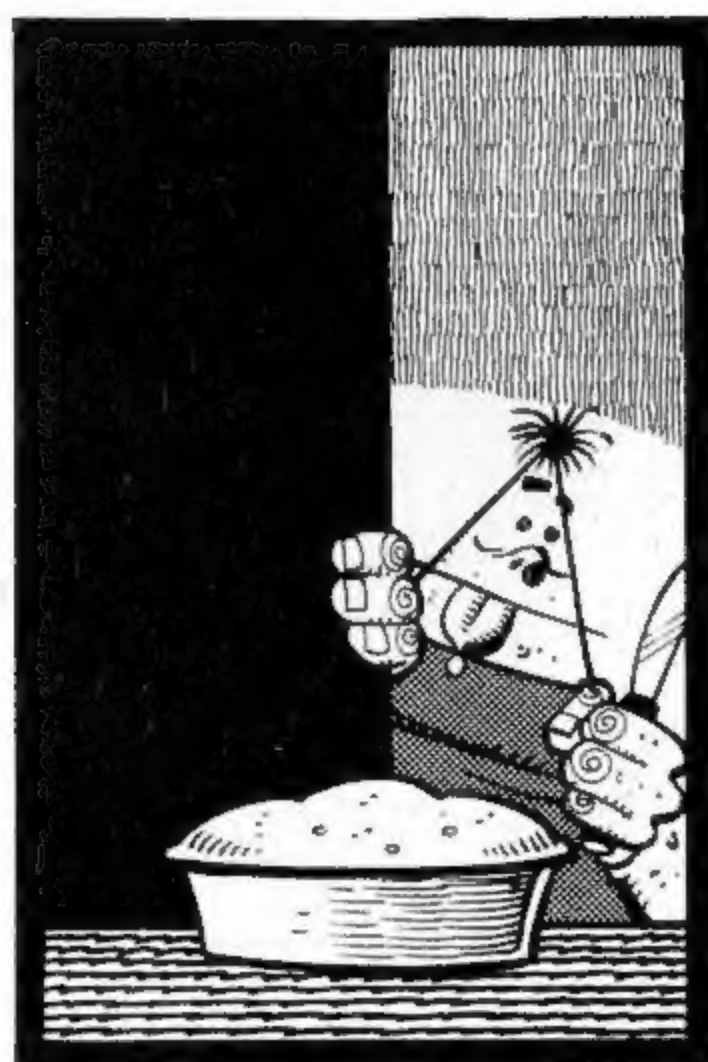
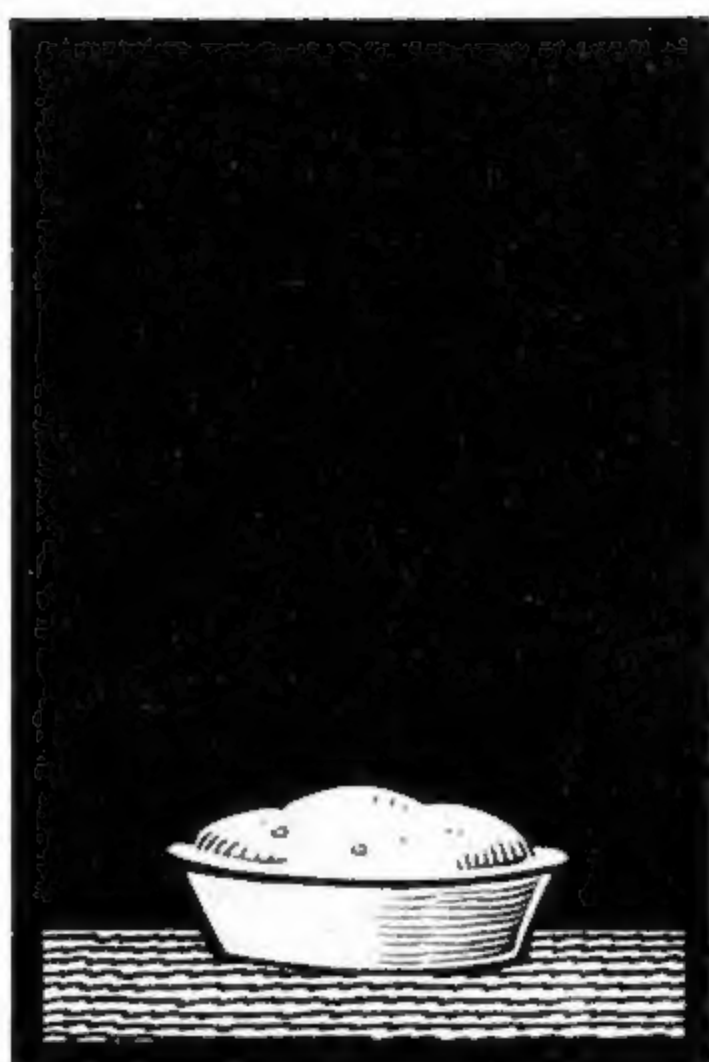
End of Chapter Two



WE REGRET THAT OUR  
REGULARLY SCHEDULED  
EPISODE OF **LIFESTYLES  
OF THE RICH AND  
CHURLISH** HAS HAD  
TO BE CANCELLED OUT  
OF SPITE.

# LEMON HARANGUE PIE

WITH THE  
GUMP



AL  
RL  
92



# IGNATZ

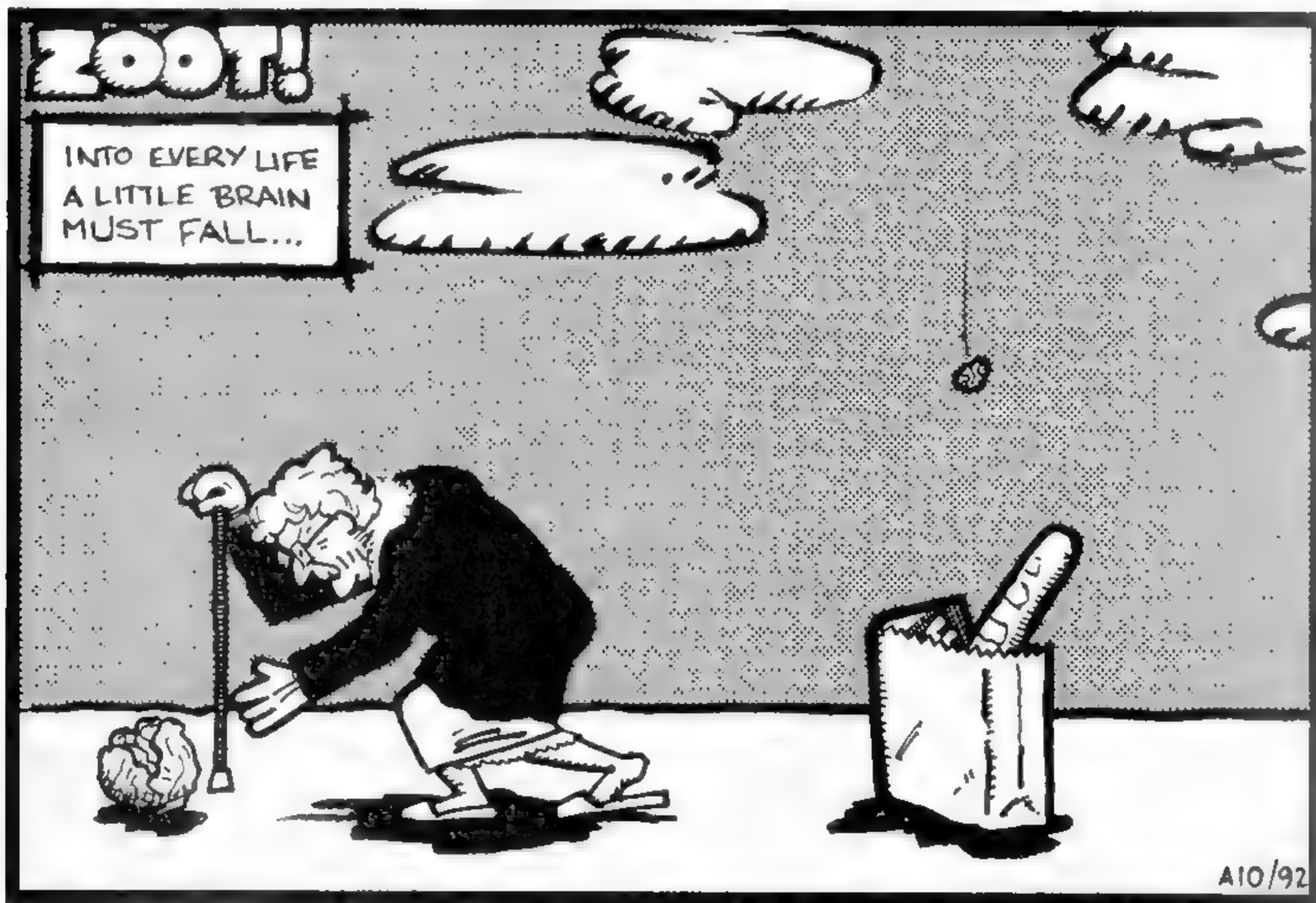
**PULL  
OUT and  
KEEP!**

(WE'LL ACTUALLY  
IF YOU WANT TO  
KEEP IT BETTER  
NOT PULL IT  
OUT AT ALL)

**dumb comics for dumb people**

**No. 1**

**FEBRUARY 1992**



## ERNST the FILTHY CAT

**Drew Bradley**

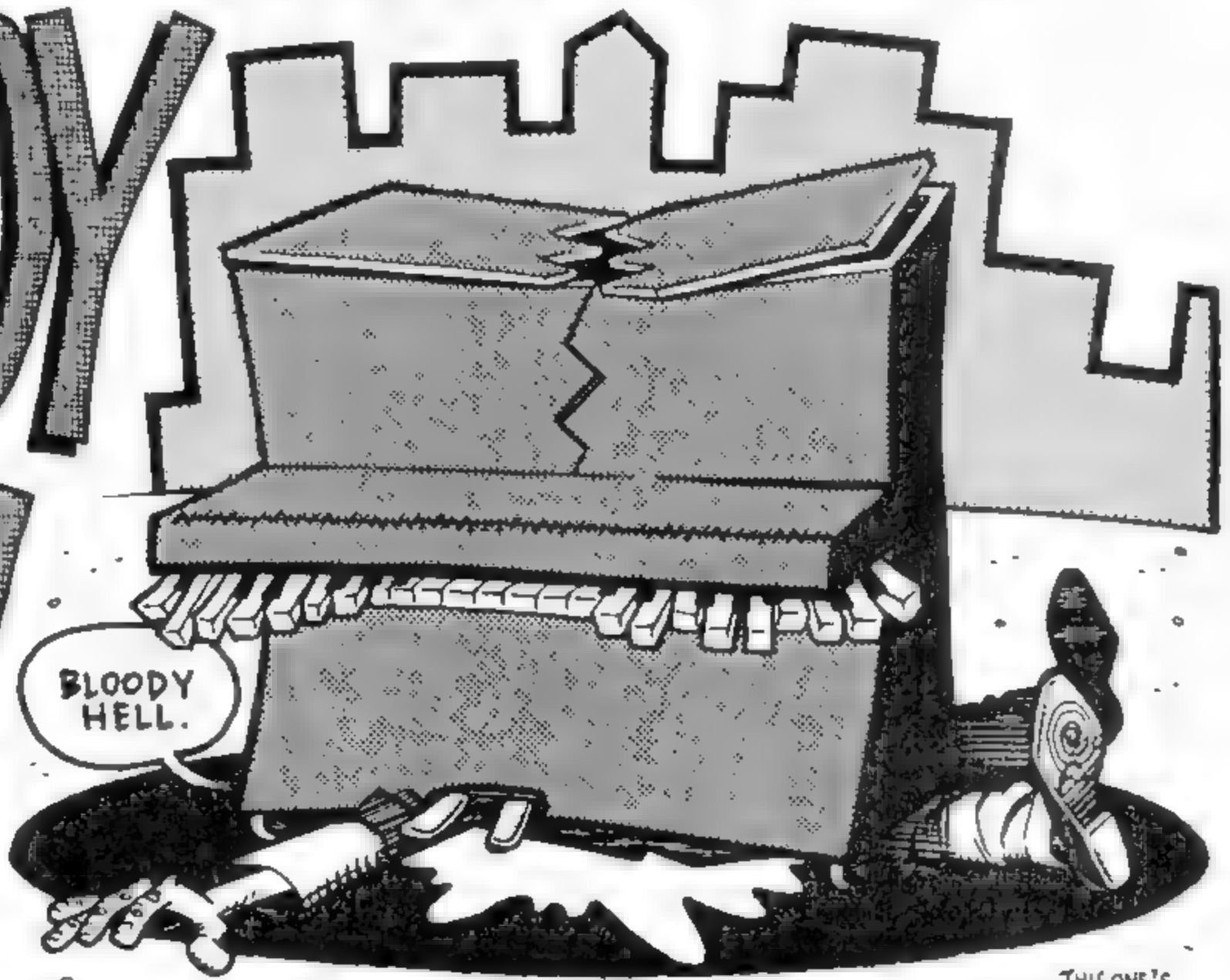




THEY DON'T BUILD PIANOS LIKE THEY USED TO!

**BLOODY  
HELL!**

BY ROGER  
LANGRIDGE ©1992

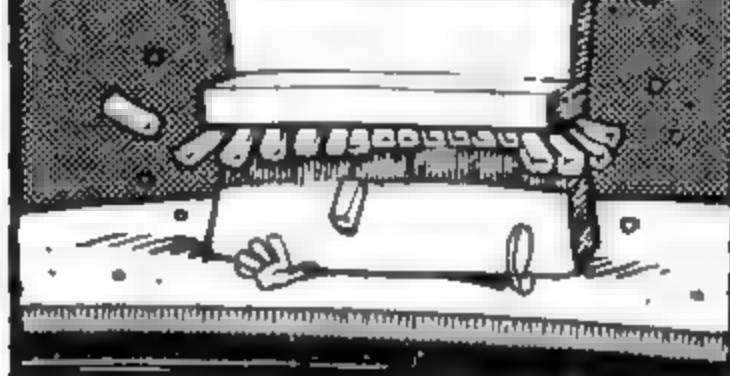


THIS ONE'S  
STILL FOR  
TERRY!

ONE DAY GRAVY STU WAS WALKING  
DOWN THE STREET WHEN A PIANO  
SUDDENLY FELL ON HIM.



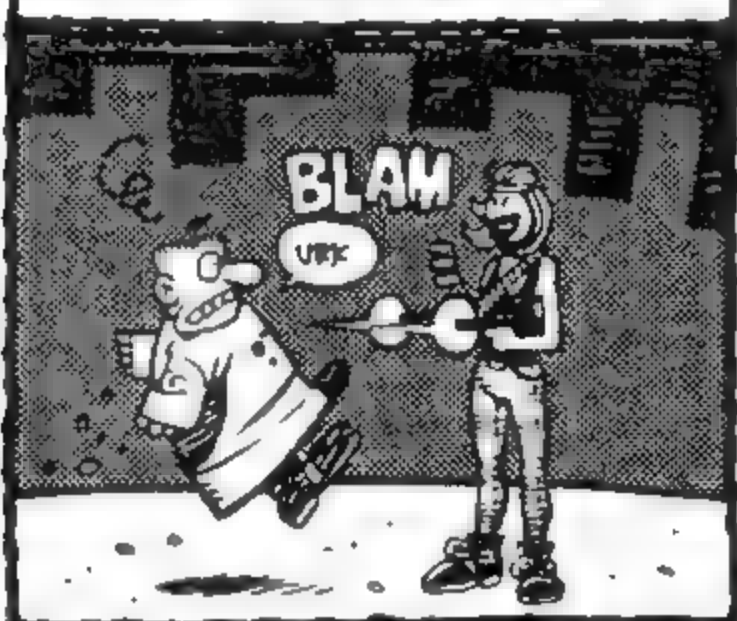
**KADBOONG**



HIS MATE PHIL TROUSERS SAID  
'BLOODY HELL' AND KEPT ON  
WALKING.



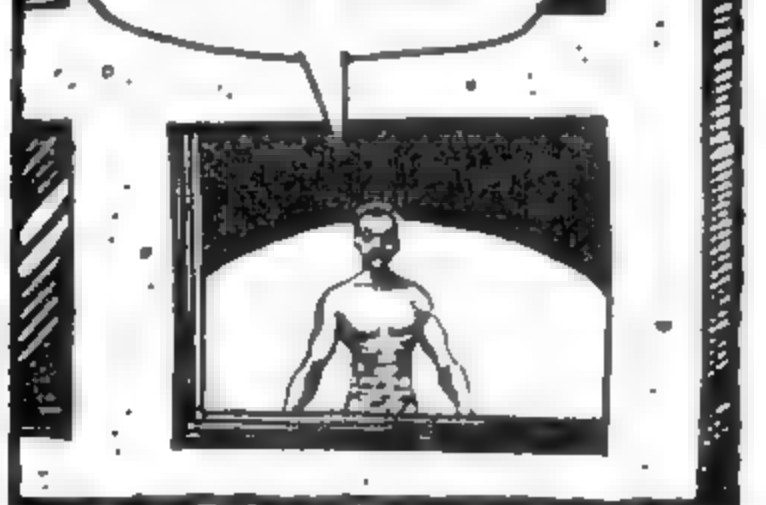
PHIL WAS SHOT MOMENTS LATER BY  
THE ARAB TERRORIST BROOKE SHIELDS.



MEANWHILE, WHAT OF THE PHANTOM  
PIANO-DROPPER? LET'S JOIN HIM  
ON THE 89TH FLOOR...

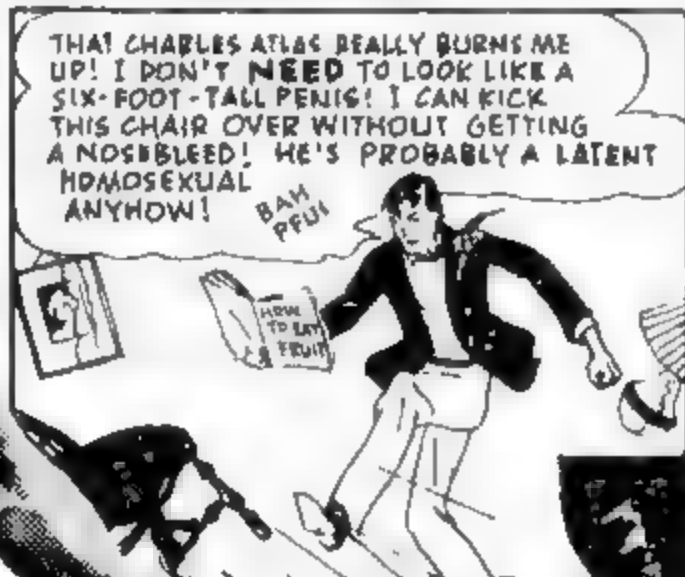


WHAT GOOD IS IT  
BEING HERO OF THE  
BEACH WHEN I CAN'T  
PLAY THE PIANO?





# THE INSULT THAT MADE A QUEER BASHER OUT OF CHARLES Q. ATLAS



## Let Me PROVE I Can BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF YOU!

Are you fed up with talented people making you feel inadequate because all you can talk about is beer and football? Fear not! My new dynamic steroid body-building method will allow you to belt the living crap out of anybody you happen not to like the look of! Mail the coupon today and build up your

muscles to a degree that will enable you to beat most of the genuinely worthwhile and interesting people in the world to a bloody pulp, leaving only "Sport Billys" like ourselves! And I'm NOT FUCKIN' JEALOUS! And the next person who says that gets a piano dropped on 'em.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60 N  
East 23rd St., New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want  
(Check as many as you like)

- |                                       |                                       |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> BIGGER PENIS | <input type="checkbox"/> BIGGER PENIS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BIGGER PENIS | <input type="checkbox"/> BIGGER PENIS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BIGGER PENIS | <input type="checkbox"/> BIGGER PENIS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BIGGER PENIS | <input type="checkbox"/> BIGGER PENIS |

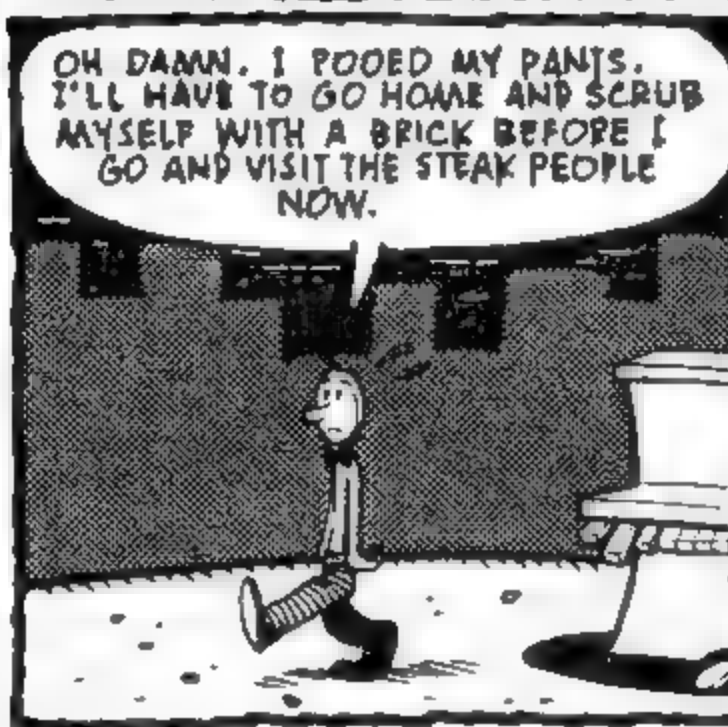
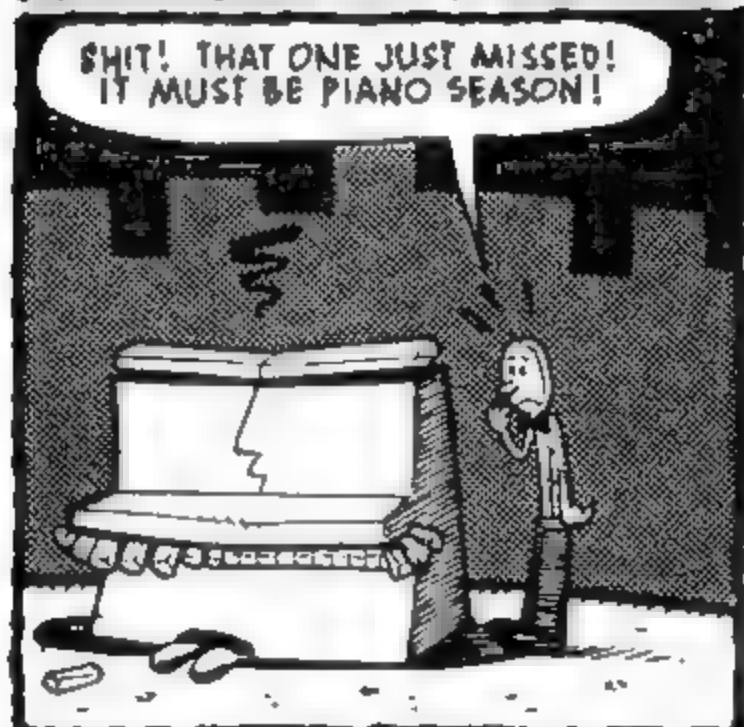
I enclose 10c. Please send me a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Steroids" can make me a new man I am extremely gullible. Please exploit me.

Print Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City & State..... Zip Code.....





# MADAME BACON SANDWICH'S HOROSCOPES

Note: Horoscopes have **no** value whatsoever outside of their surface entertainment value! Anyone who tells you they're real is **profoundly gullible!** Anyone who makes a **profit** off such gullibility is a **charlatan** and a **parasite!** I feel I should tell you this because I'm an Aquarius and we despise dishonesty

**ARIES** ~ You will meet a tall dark stranger named Colin who will have a profound effect on your bank balance. Beware of giant squid.

**TAURUS** ~ Something vague and unspecific about avoiding people with concealed weapons that could apply to anybody... Who makes this stuff up, man?! I mean Jesus, really!...

**GEMINI** ~ It's a girl.

**CANCER** ~ is a really unpleasant way to die. Haha. I just made a funny. You'll be followed home by Ray Columbus, and will have to hit him with a big stick.

**LEO** ~ Sell all your Coca Cola shares and buy up large in United Lemon. Get married, have a baby and become a Mormon.

**VIRGO** ~ I'm afraid those embarrassingly Freudian dreams will be coming back in full force. The one about the whale stuck between two rocks is hilarious, by the way.

**LIBRA** ~ Swollen testicles could be a problem. Try not to laugh. Now is a good time to take up the ukulele.

**SCORPIO** ~ Christ, you're ugly, aren't you? **Eeugh.** You're also a complete arsehole.

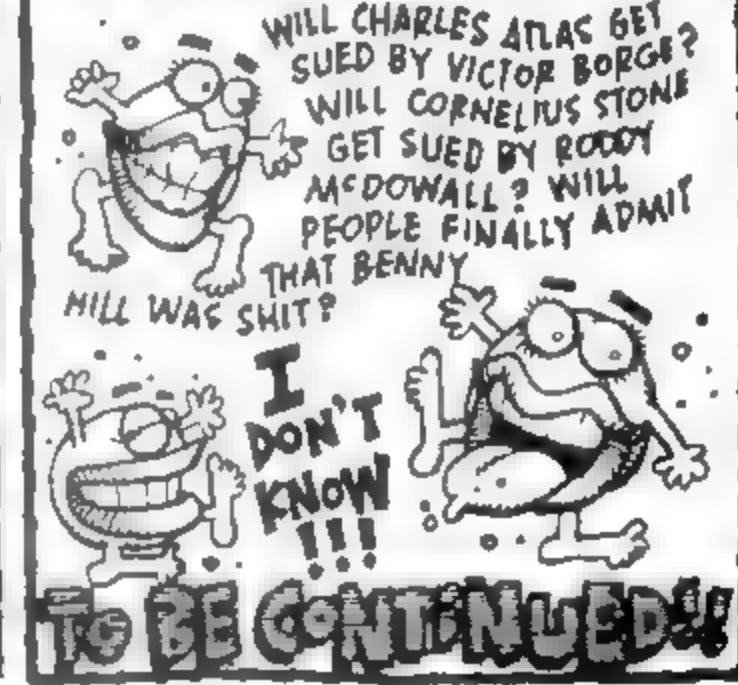
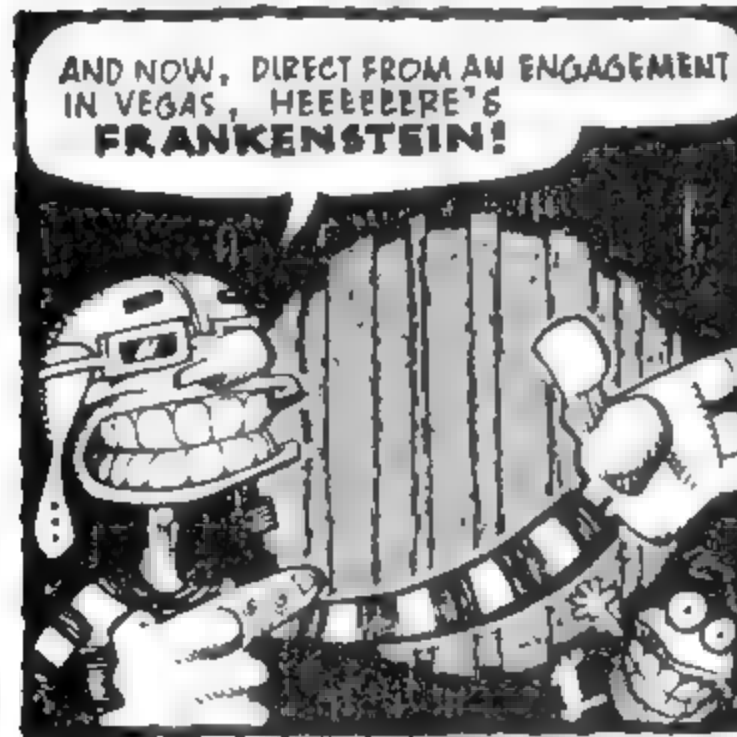
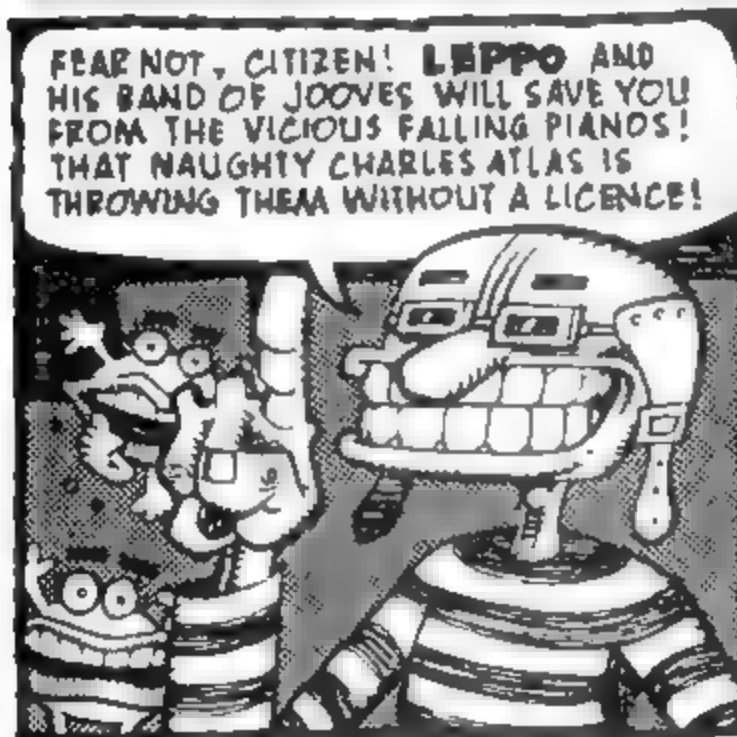
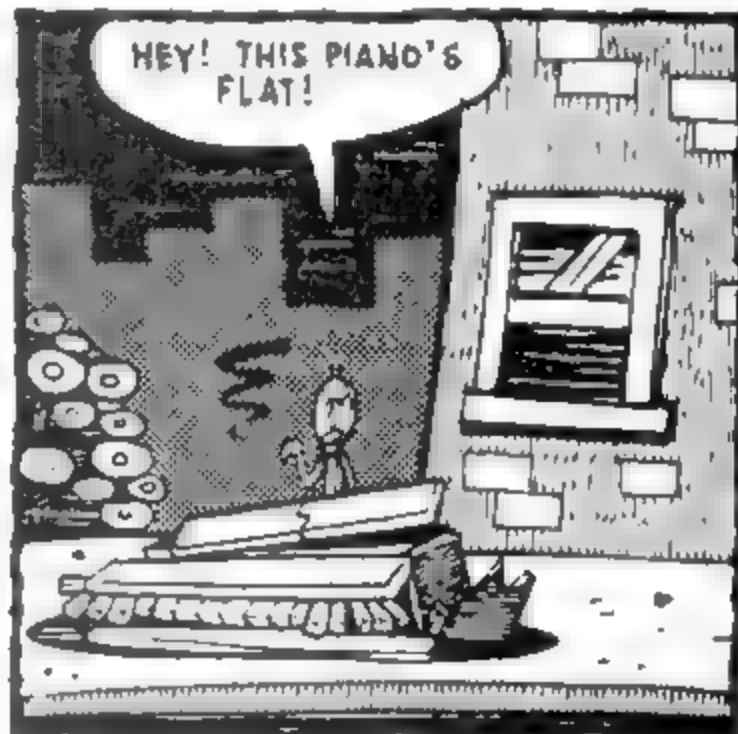
**SAGITTARIUS** ~ Don't eat the scampi. I can't stress this strongly enough. What are you doing on Friday night?

**CAPRICORN** ~ You will go up, go to the lavatory, have breakfast, go to work, come home this evening, have dinner, watch Sale of the Century, vomit, and go to bed.

**AQUARIUS** ~ Hey, I'm not giving anything away about my own sign. I mean, what do you think I am? Crazy?! Oh, well, sure, but not that crazy. At least I don't think I am.

**PISCES** ~ You will be hit by a falling piano.







# ZOOT

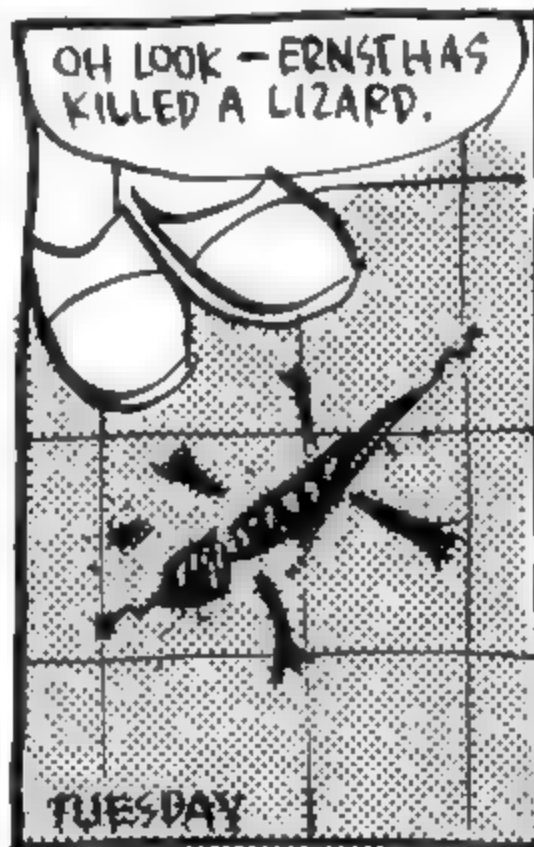
**H**ORACE HAD BEEN FEELING SICK ALL DAY AND WAS IN NO MOOD FOR A DINNER PARTY



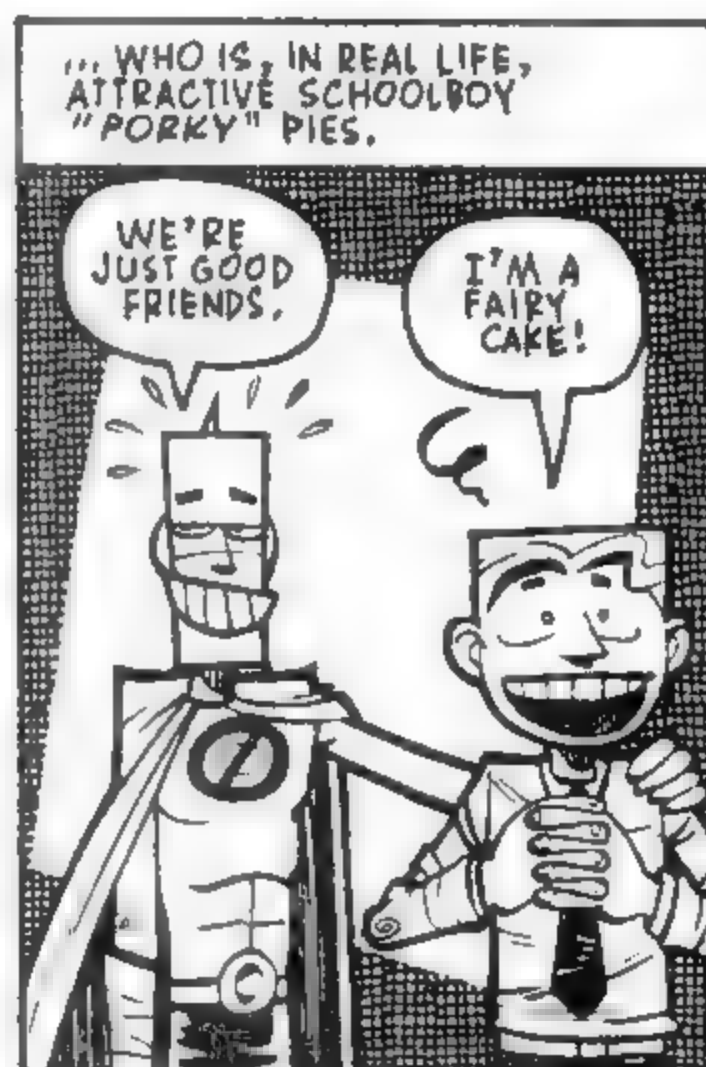
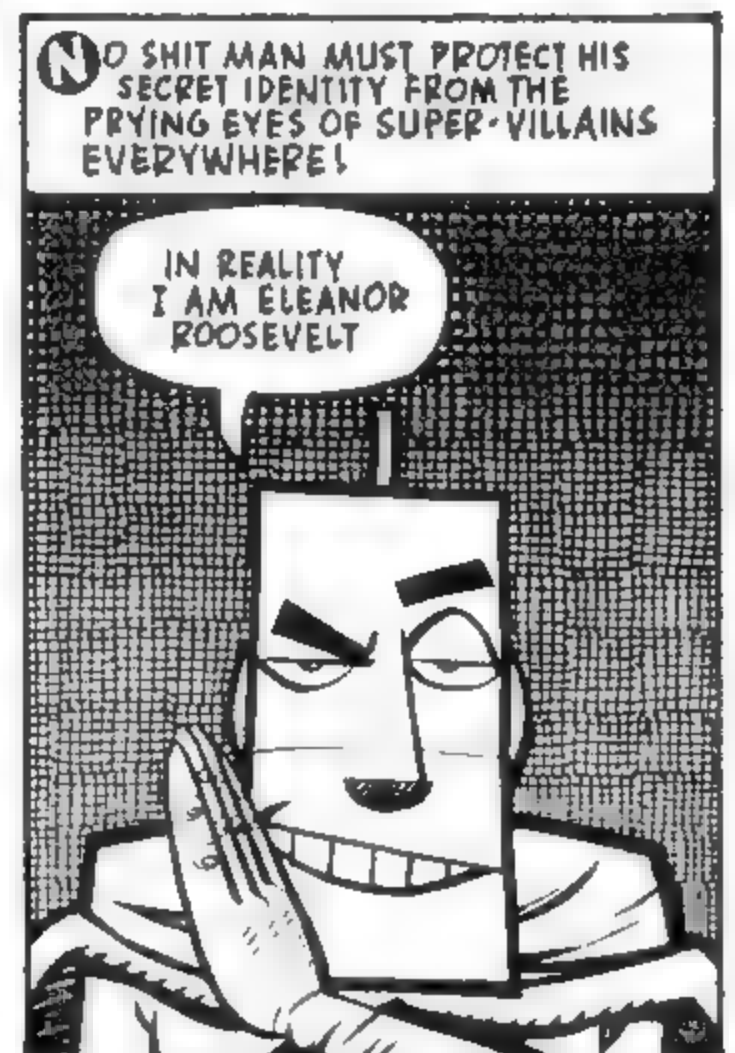
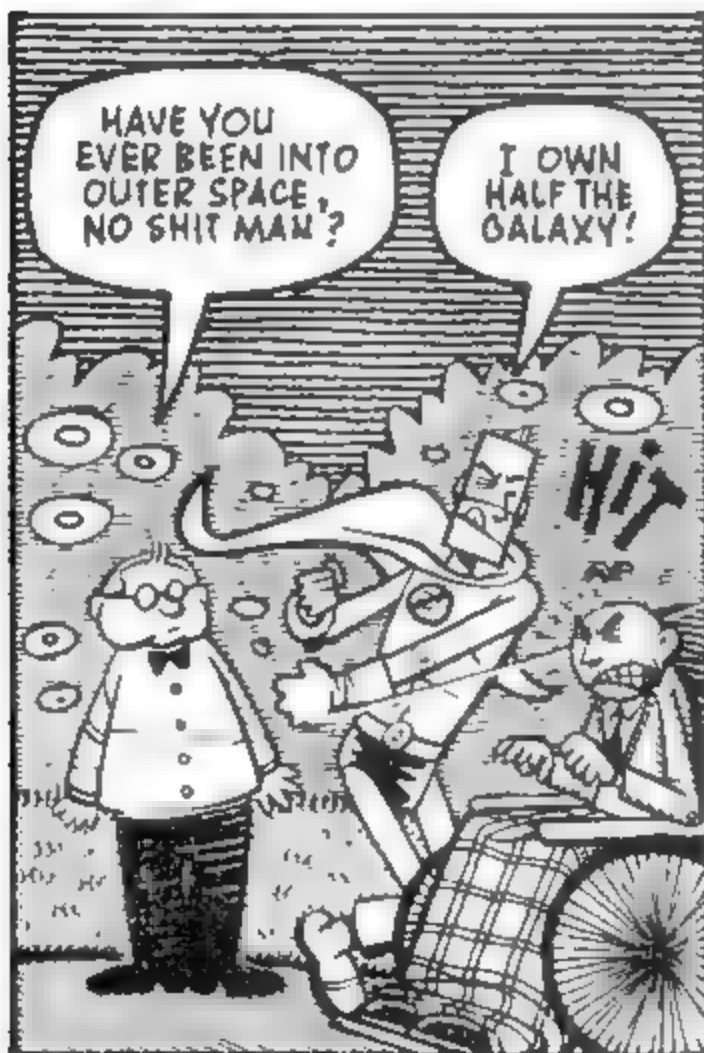
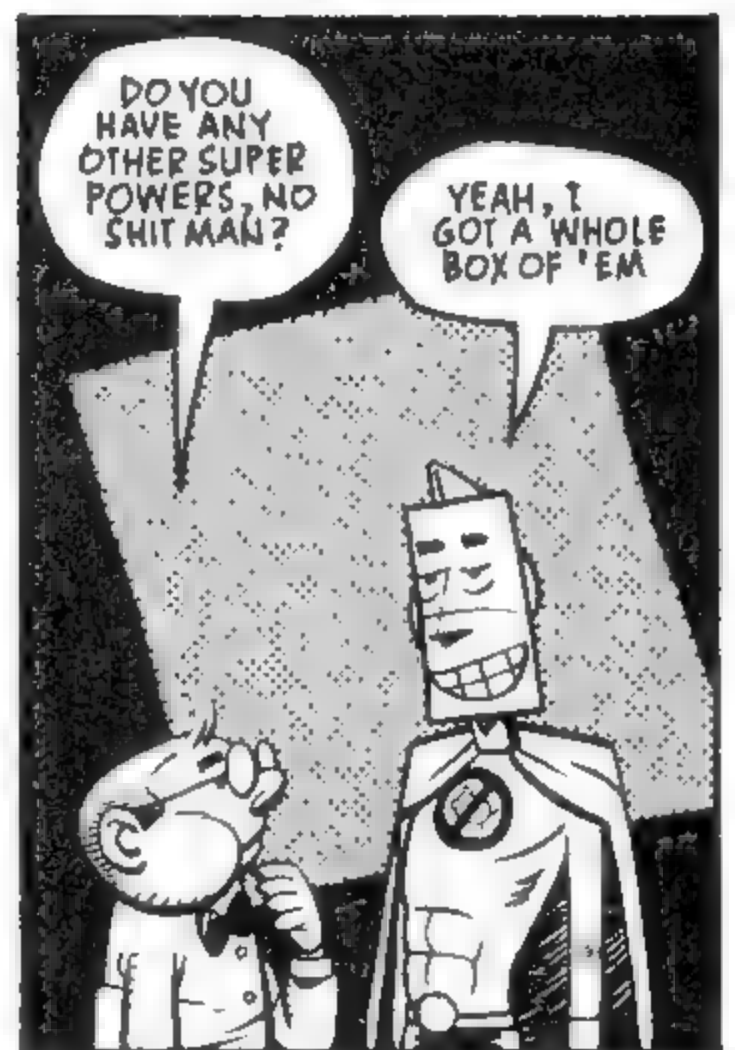
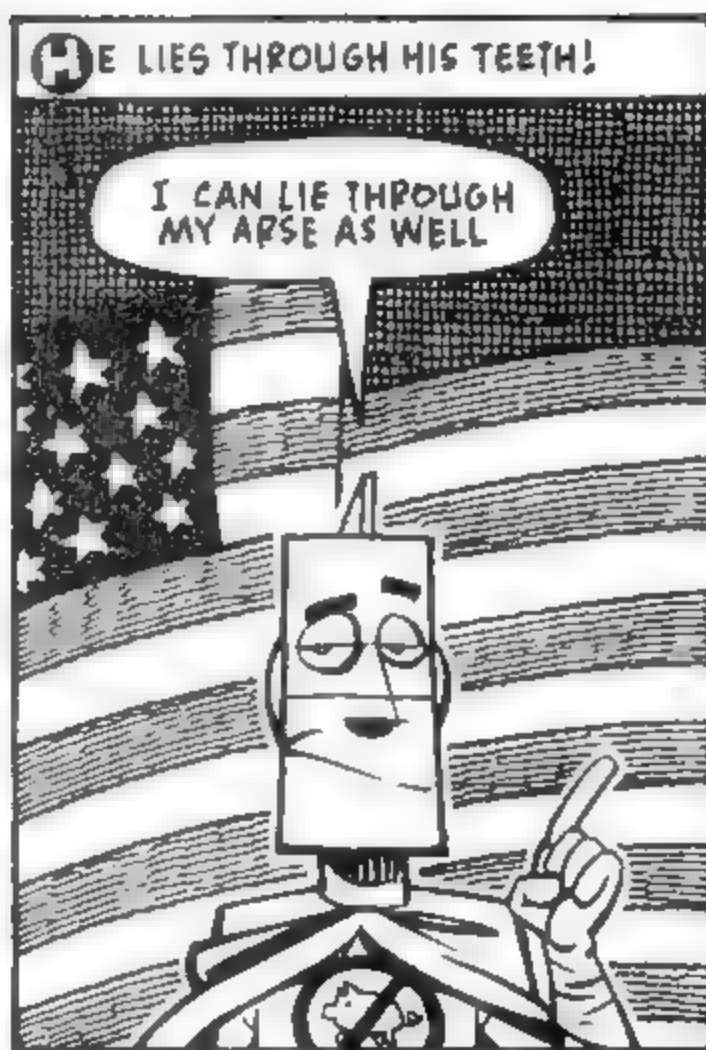
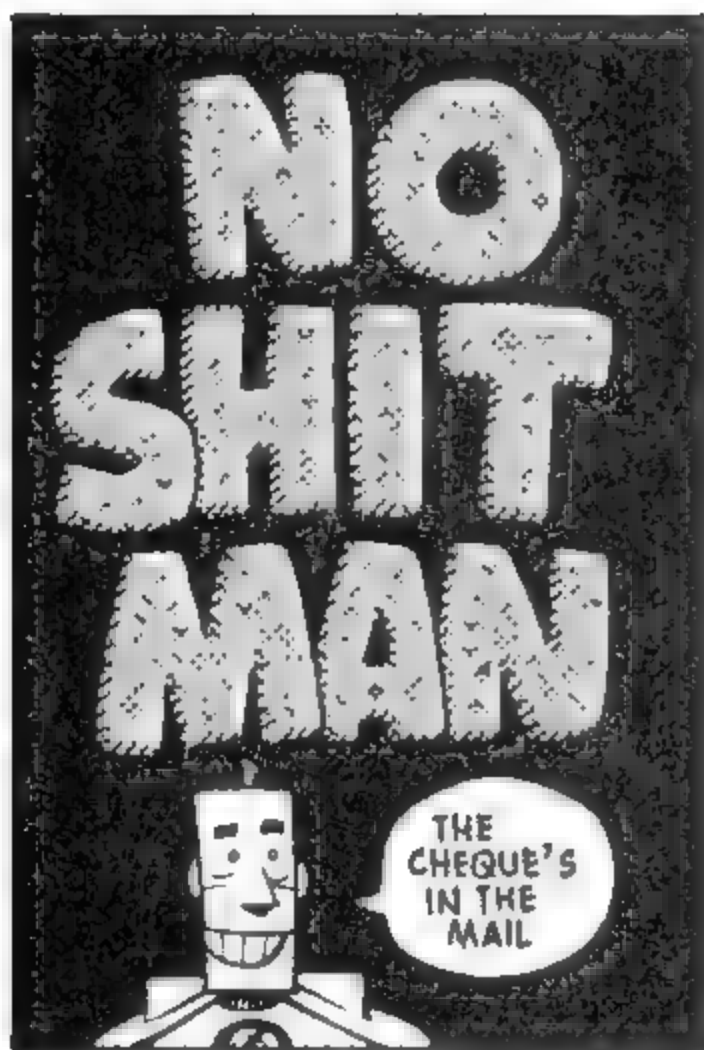
# ERNST

THE FILTHY CAT

REMNANTS OF A LONG-LOST NEWSPAPER STRIP BY LEGENDARY CARTOONIST **DREW BRADLEY** FEATURING THE WORLD'S LEAST MERCHANDISABLE CAT









# ZOOT!

**G**REAT MYTHICAL CHARACTERS  
OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

**No. 4: THE MAN WHO  
TOLD YOU**

AL & FL © 92



## DOT THE TEASE CROSSES HER EYES



# ZOOT!

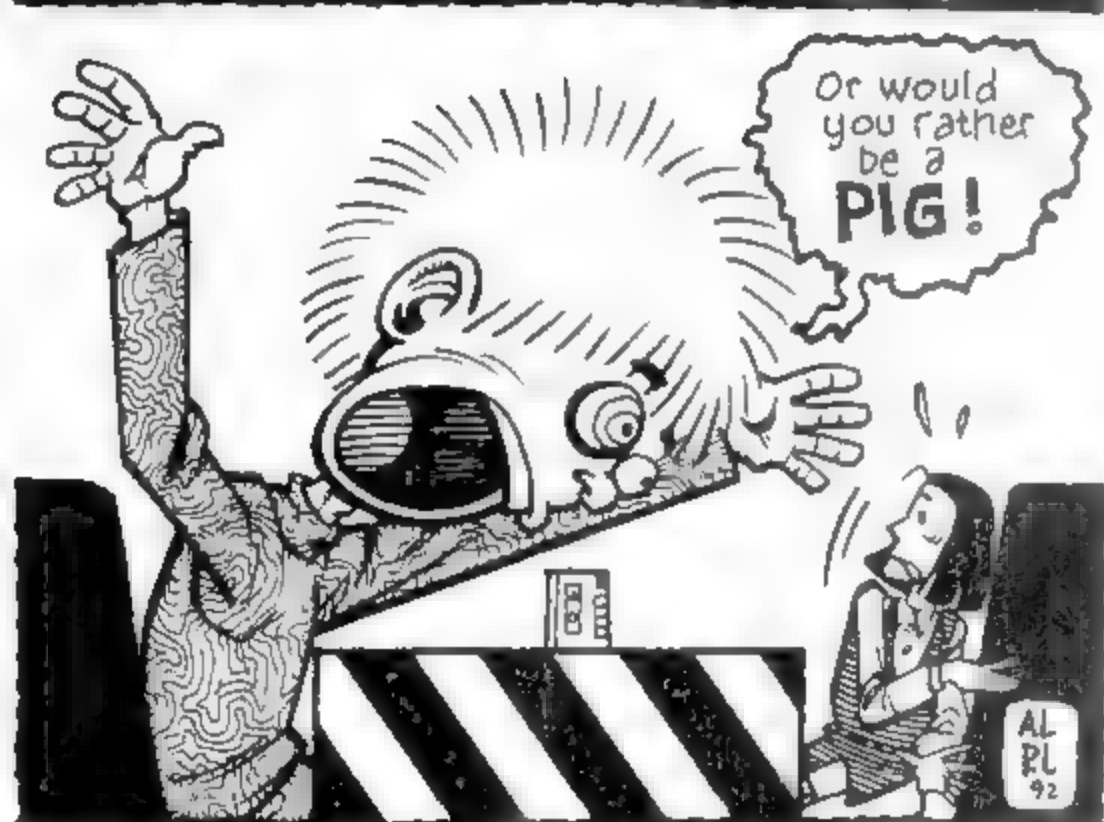
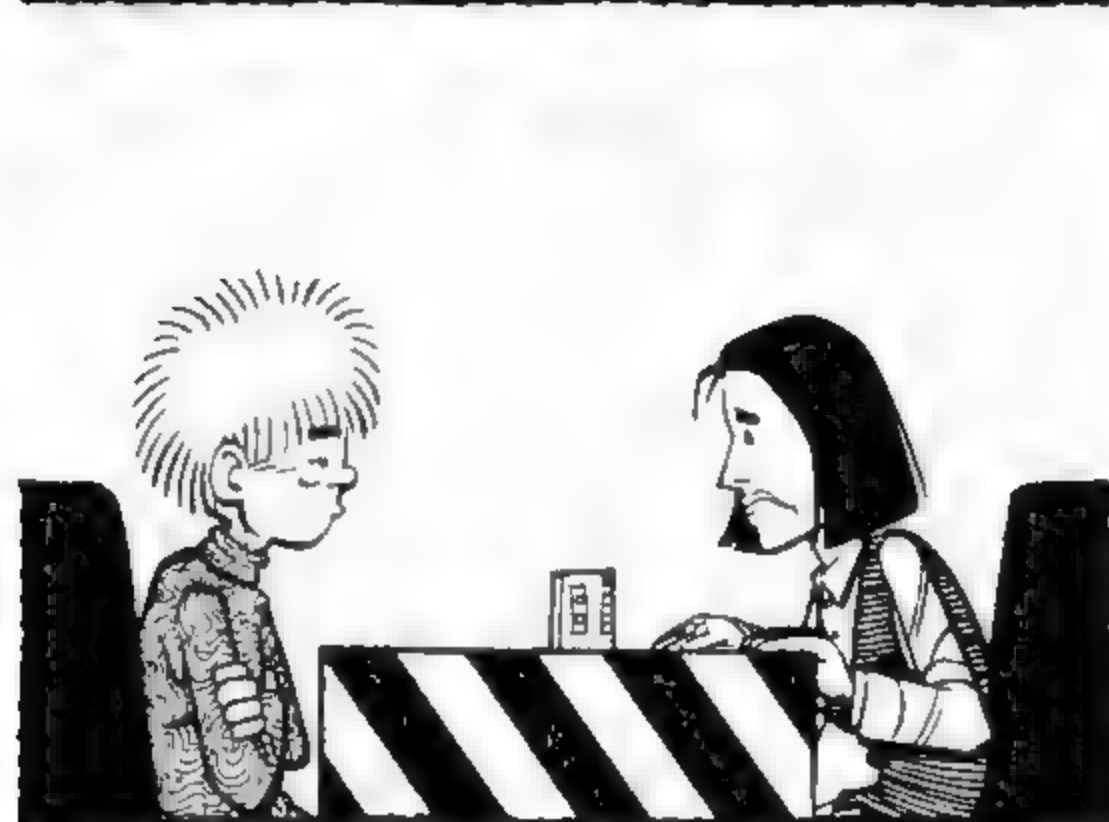
THE BLARDY BLARDY MAN  
NEVER SLEEPS





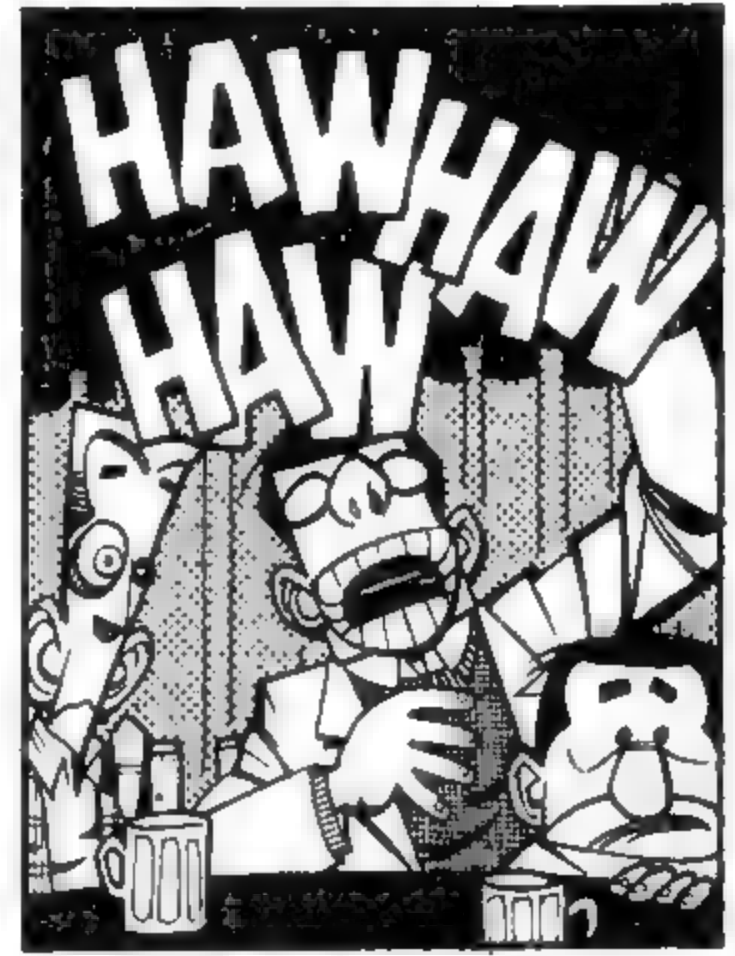
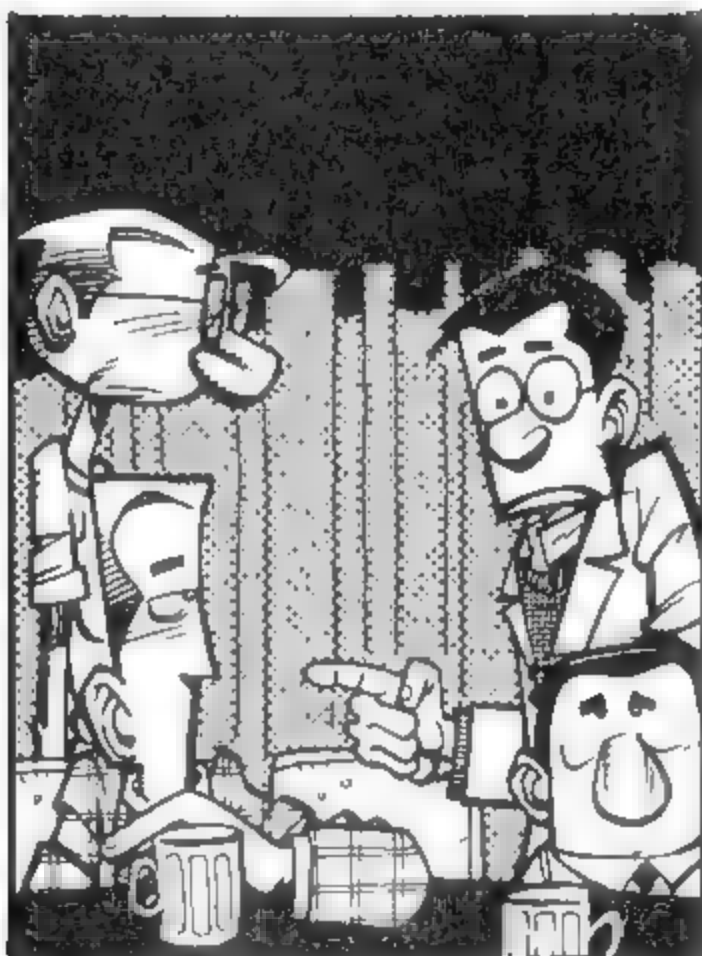
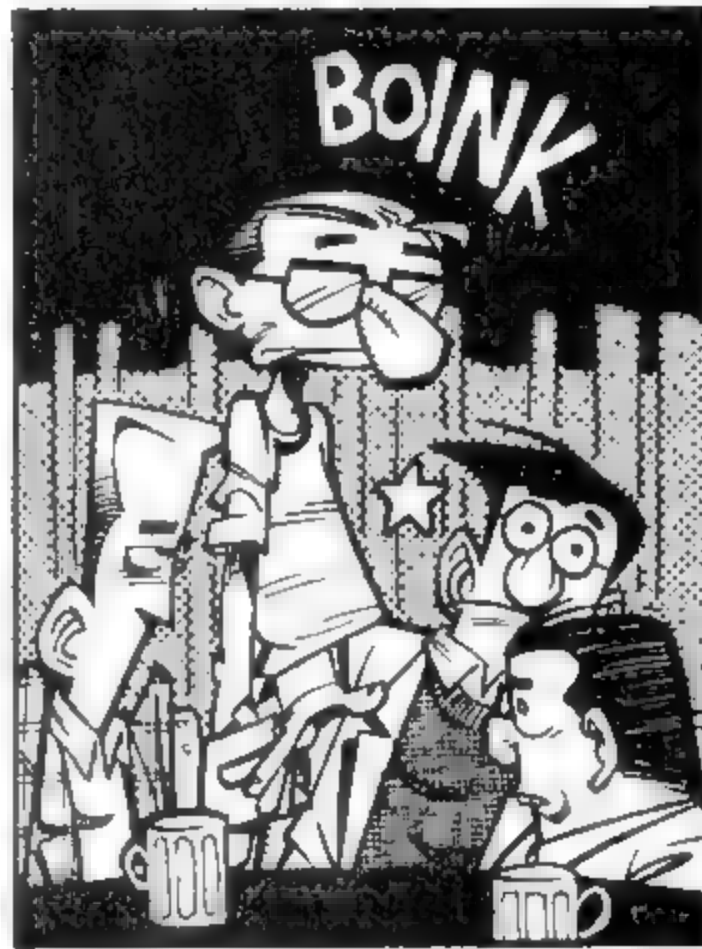
# THE REDOUBTABLE TARQUIN

Investigates MYSTICISM and  
THE SUBLIME in WOMEN'S ART  
IN AOTEAROA II

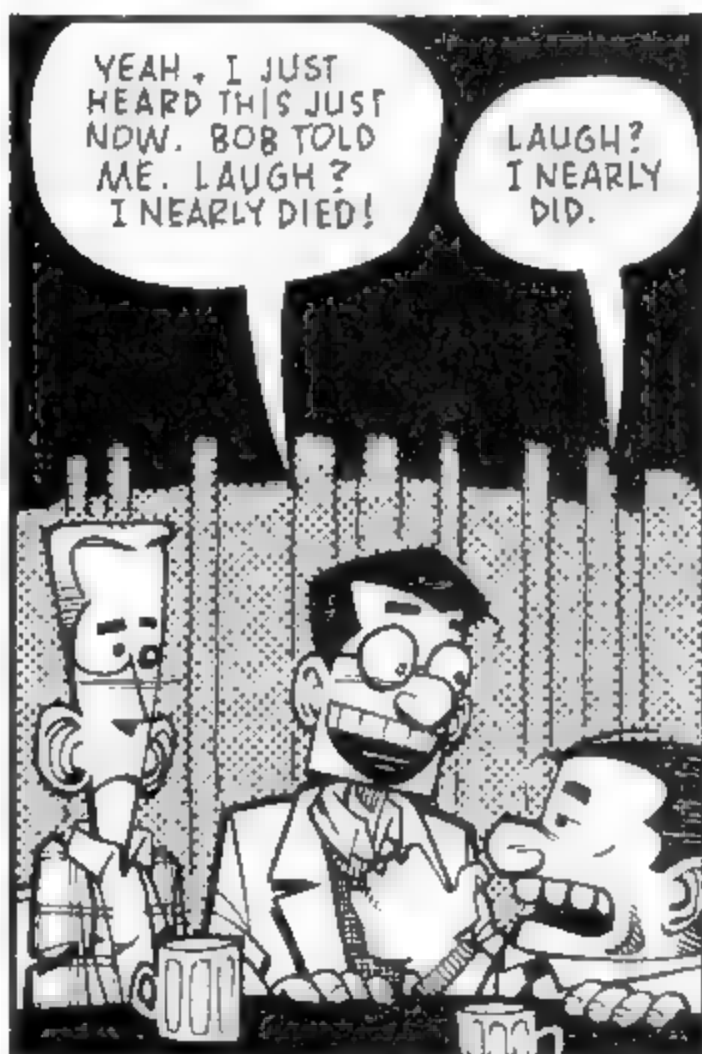
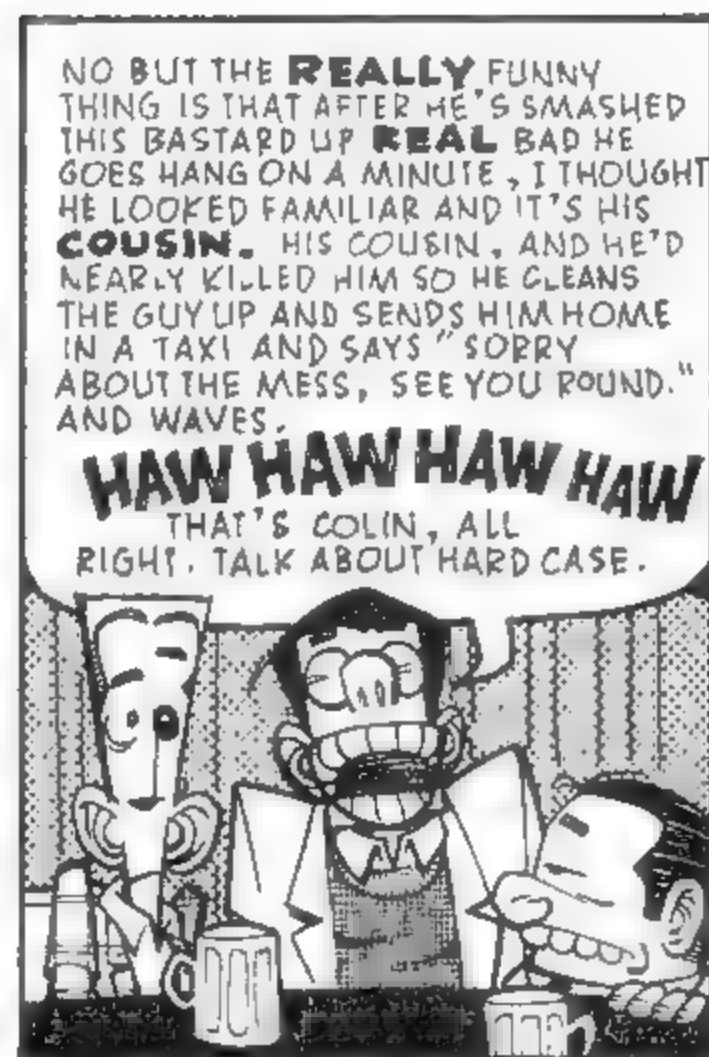




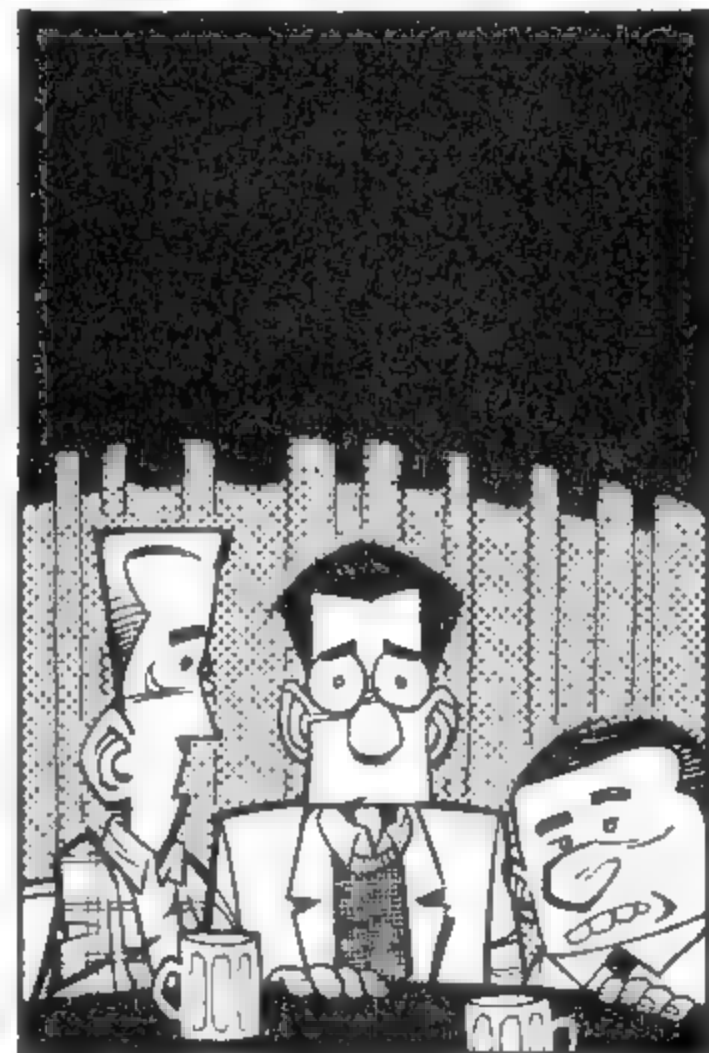
# The JOURNEY HALFWAY 12



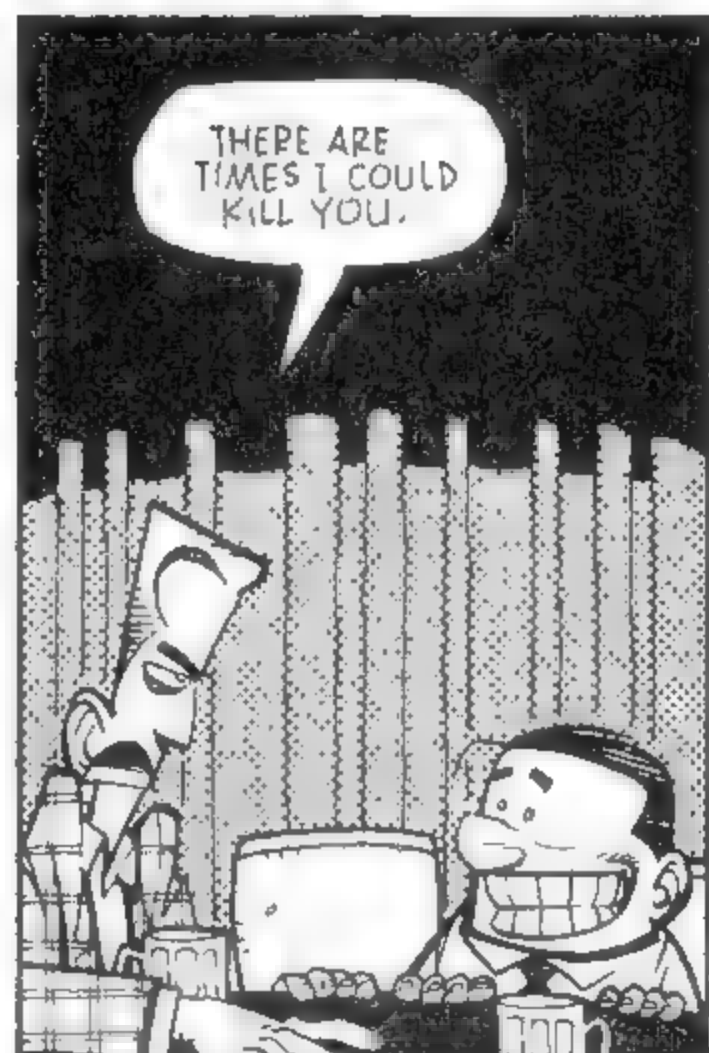
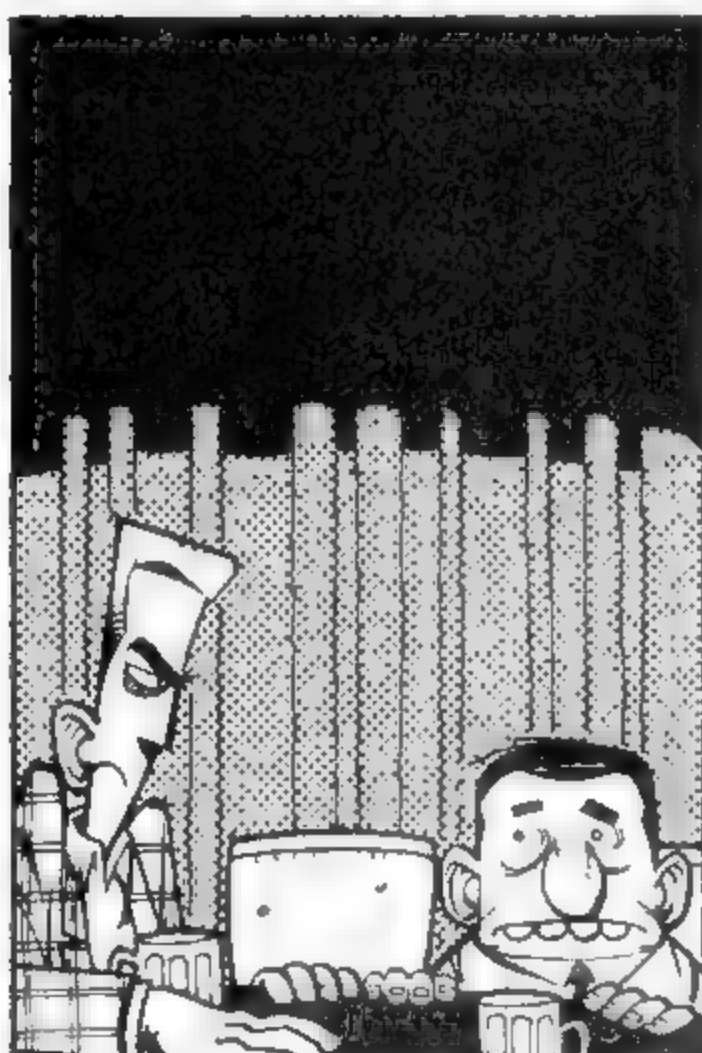




LAUGH?  
I NEARLY  
DID.

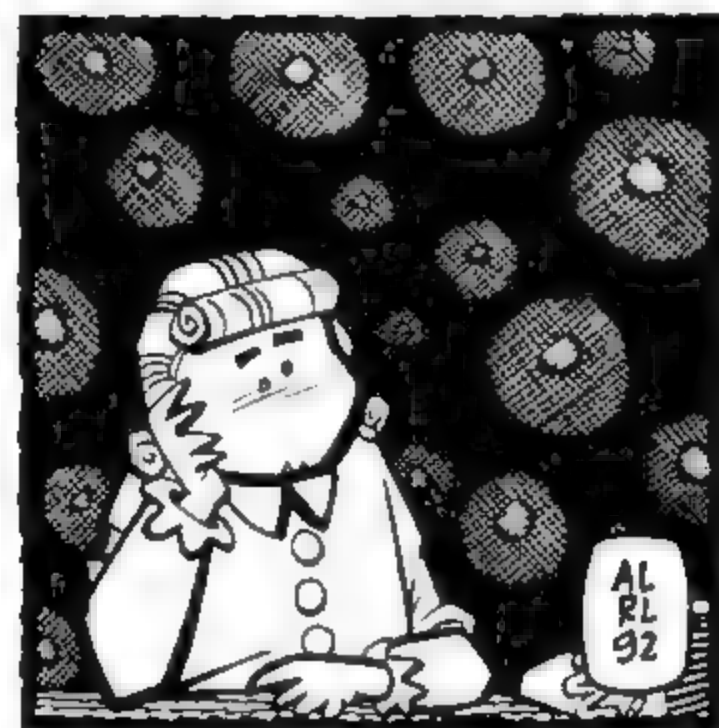
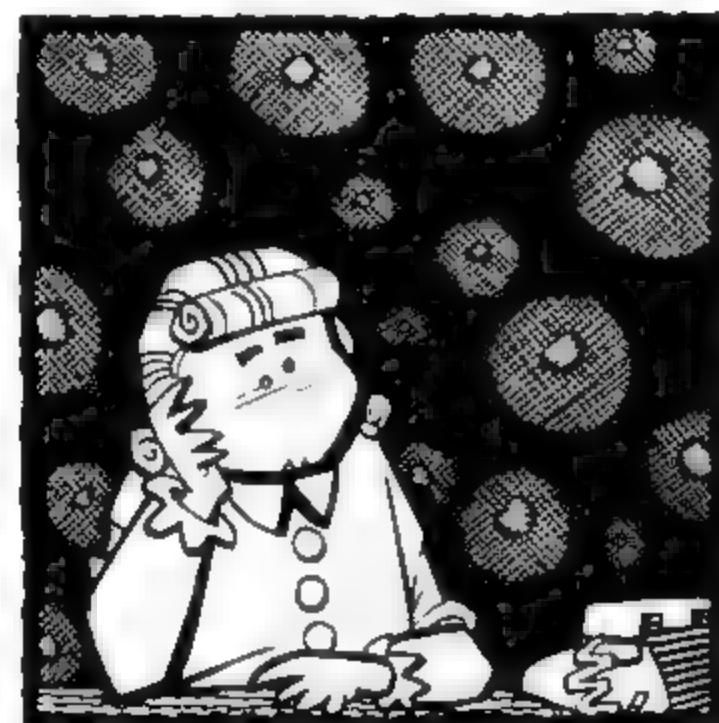
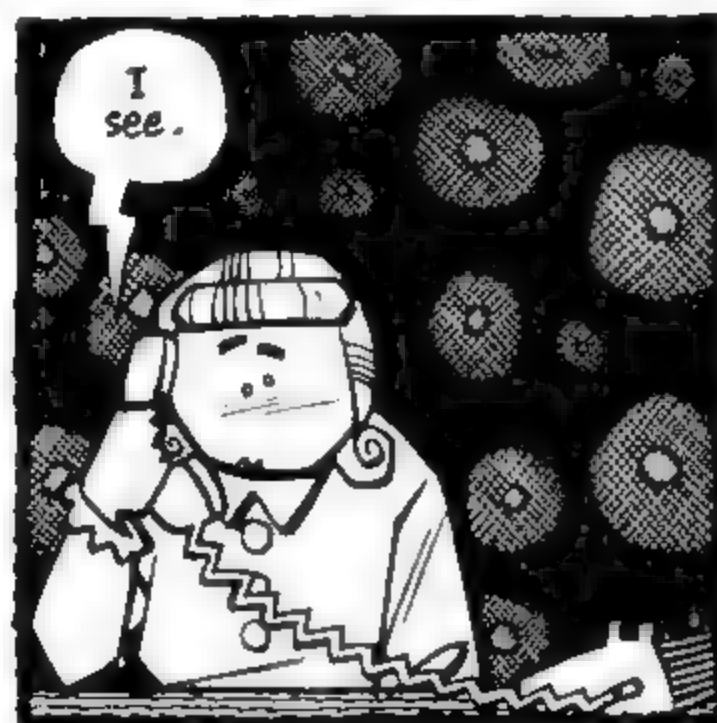
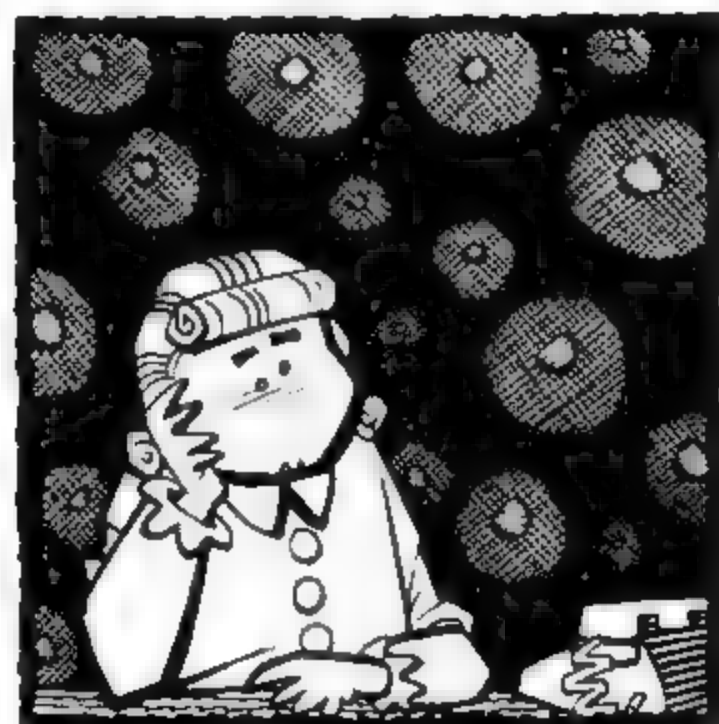
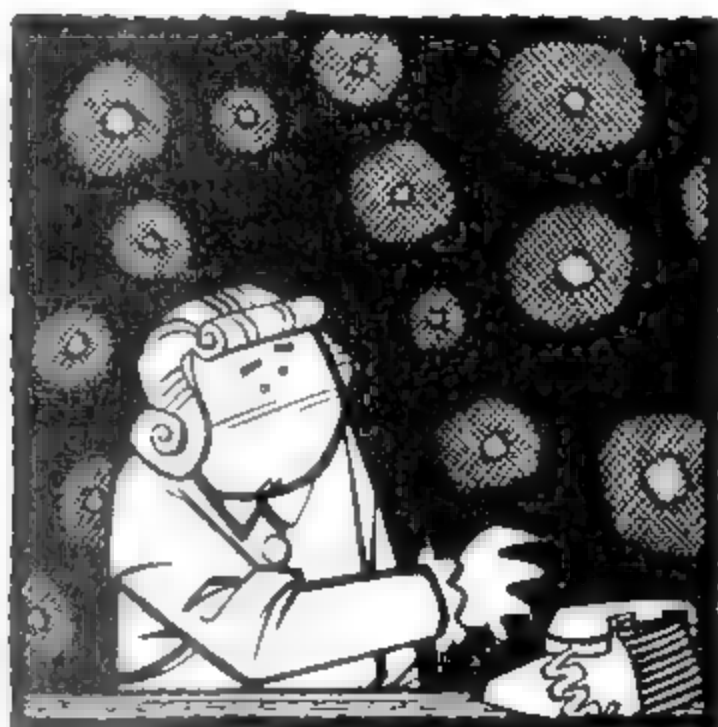


BE SURE  
TO HURRY  
BACK.





# Calling Claire: HOUR ONE





FRUIT!

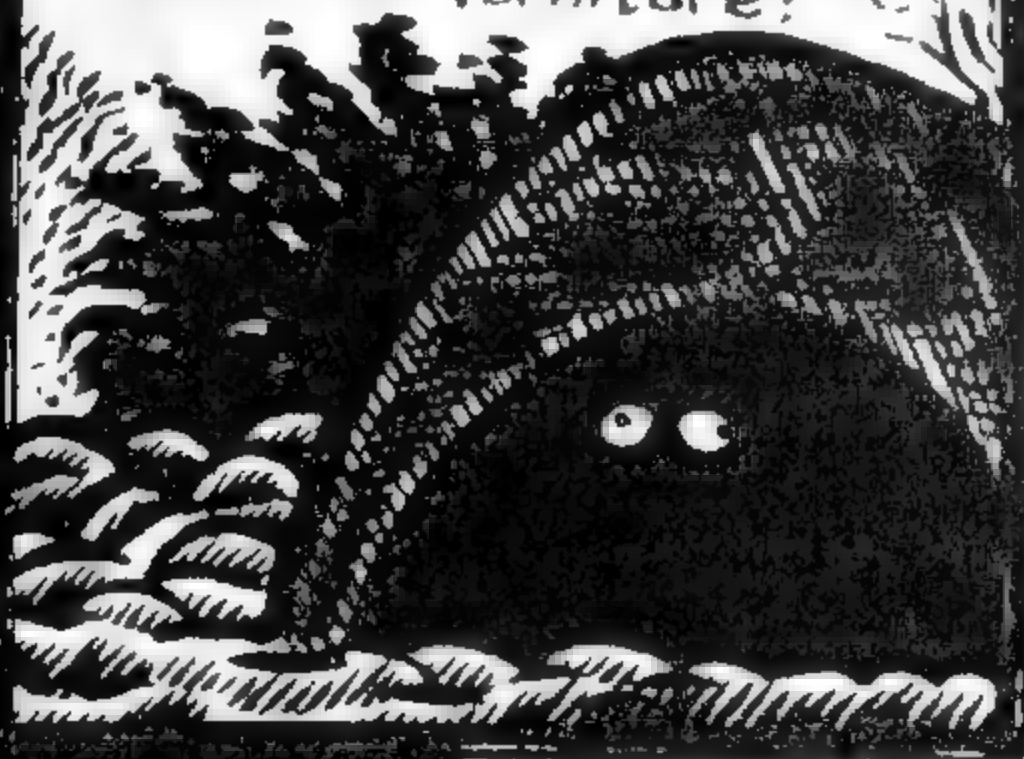
# SKINNY BILL

VEGETABLE!

—LEGAR PRUNTS—



Skinny Bill he have no  
need for furniture!

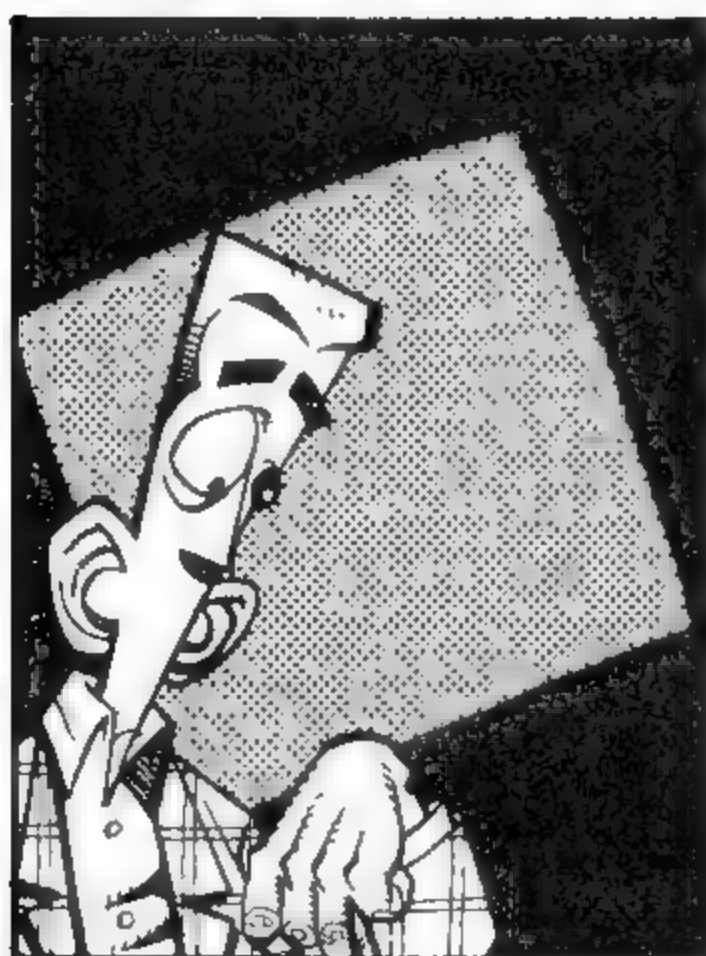
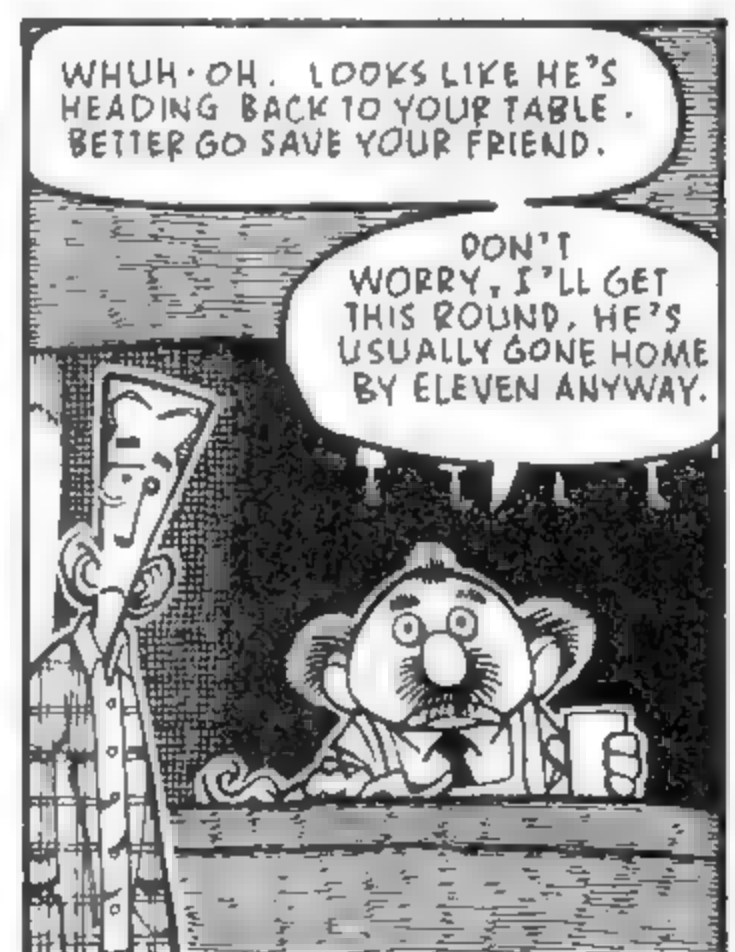
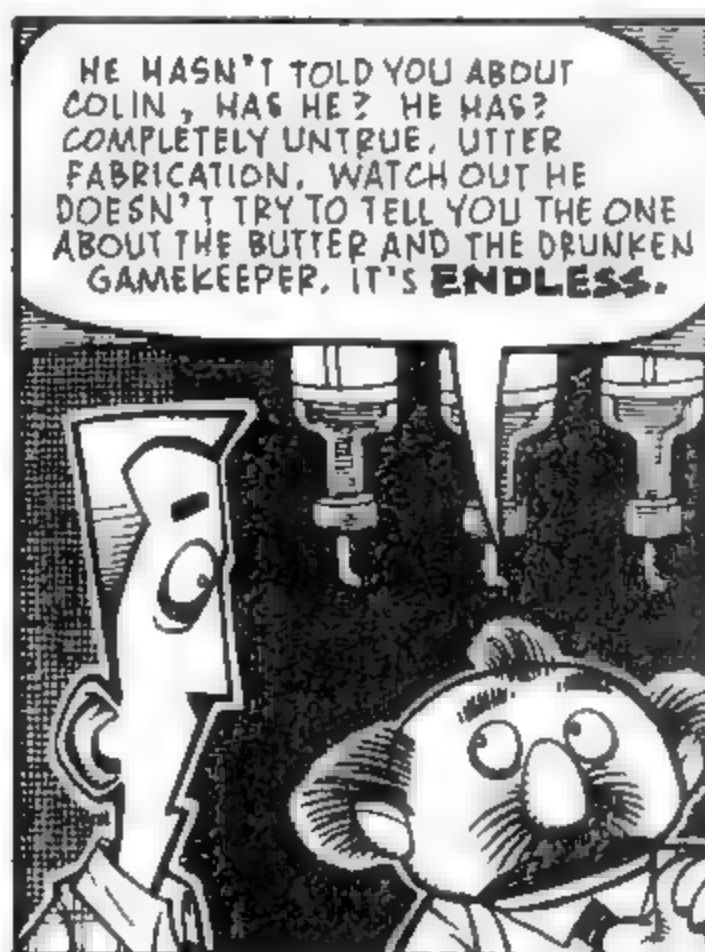
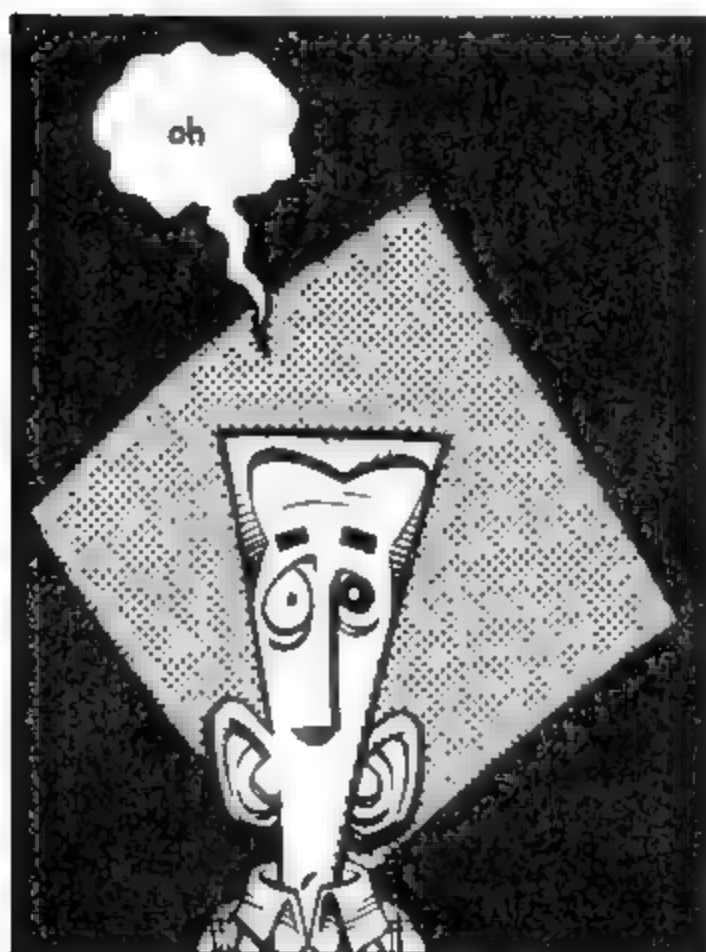
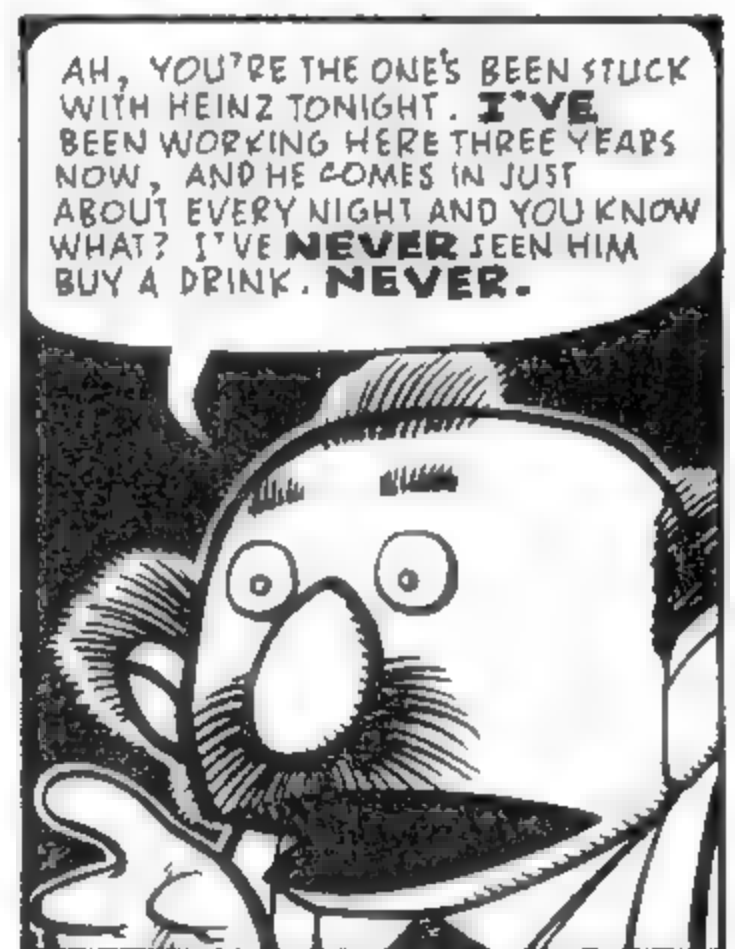


Skinny Bill he eat a prune

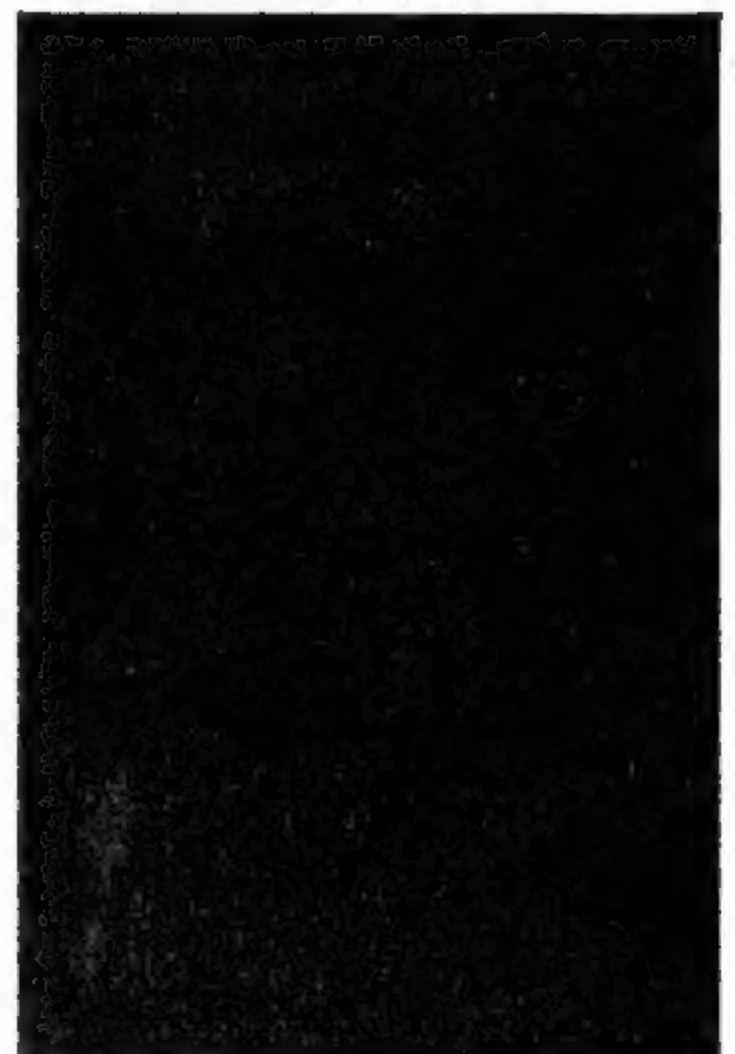
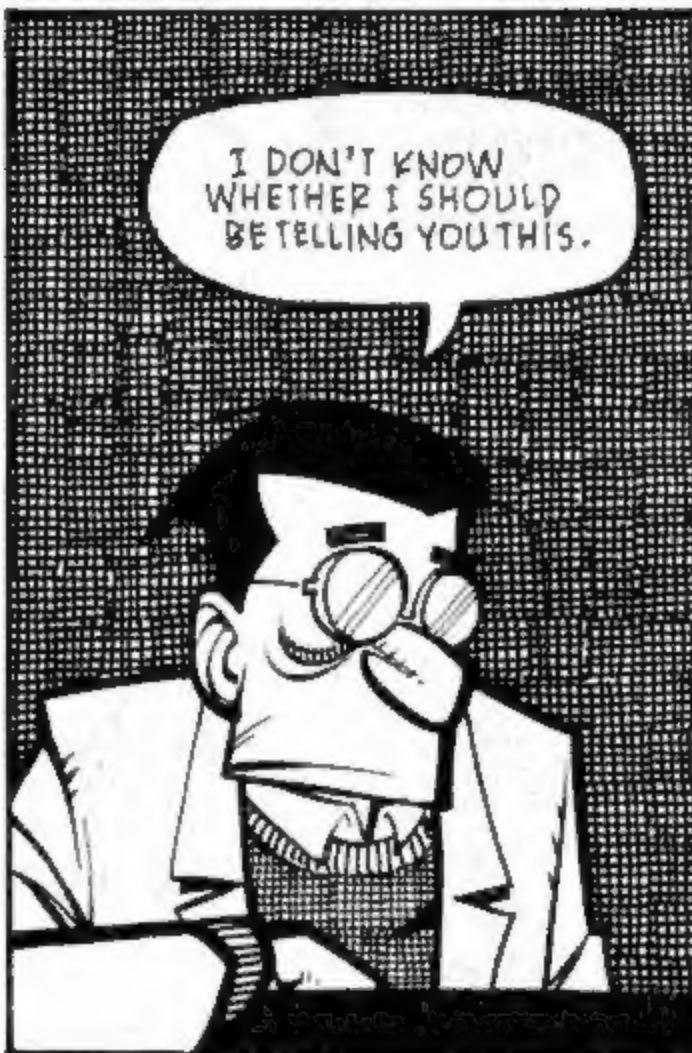




# The JOURNEY HALFWAY 13







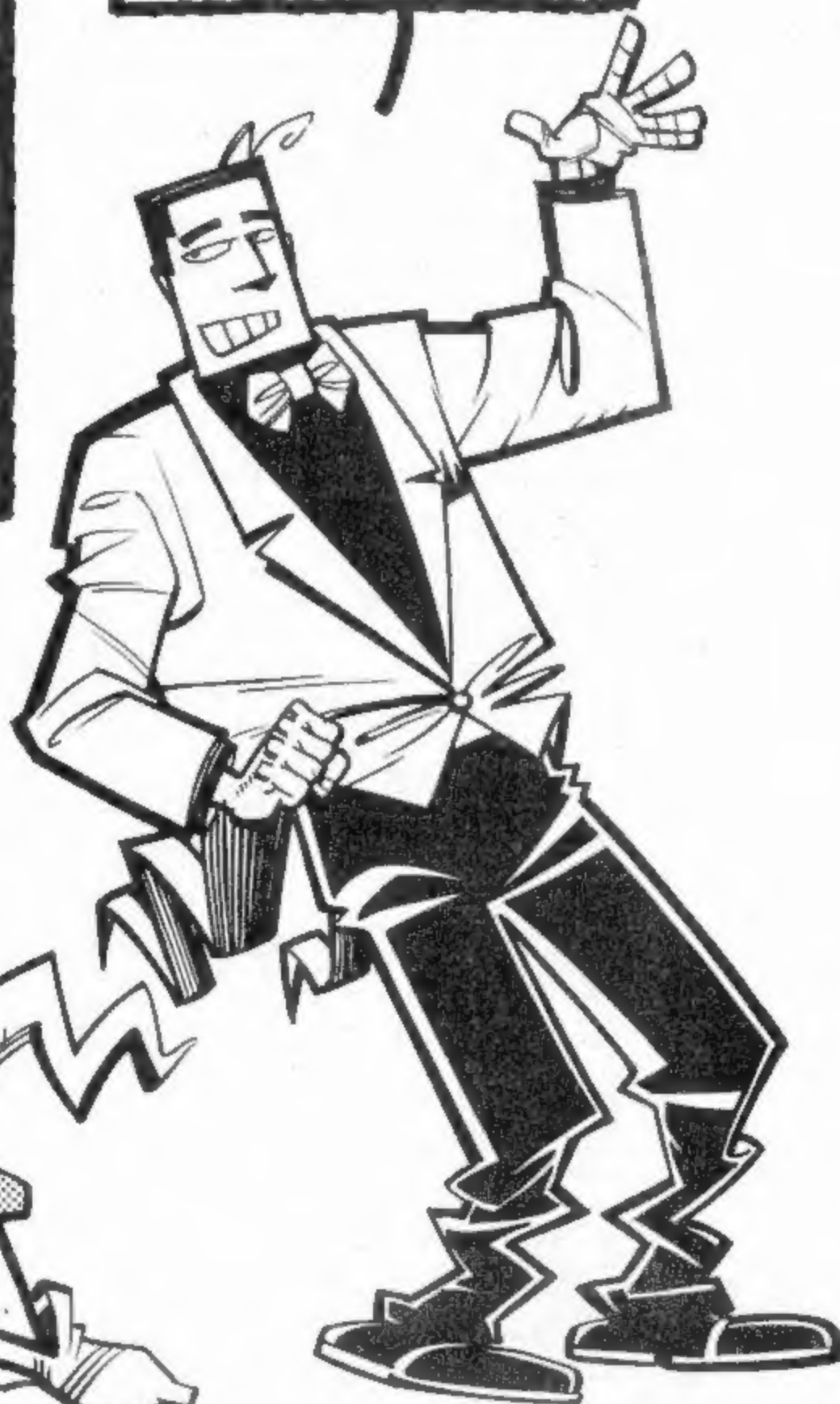
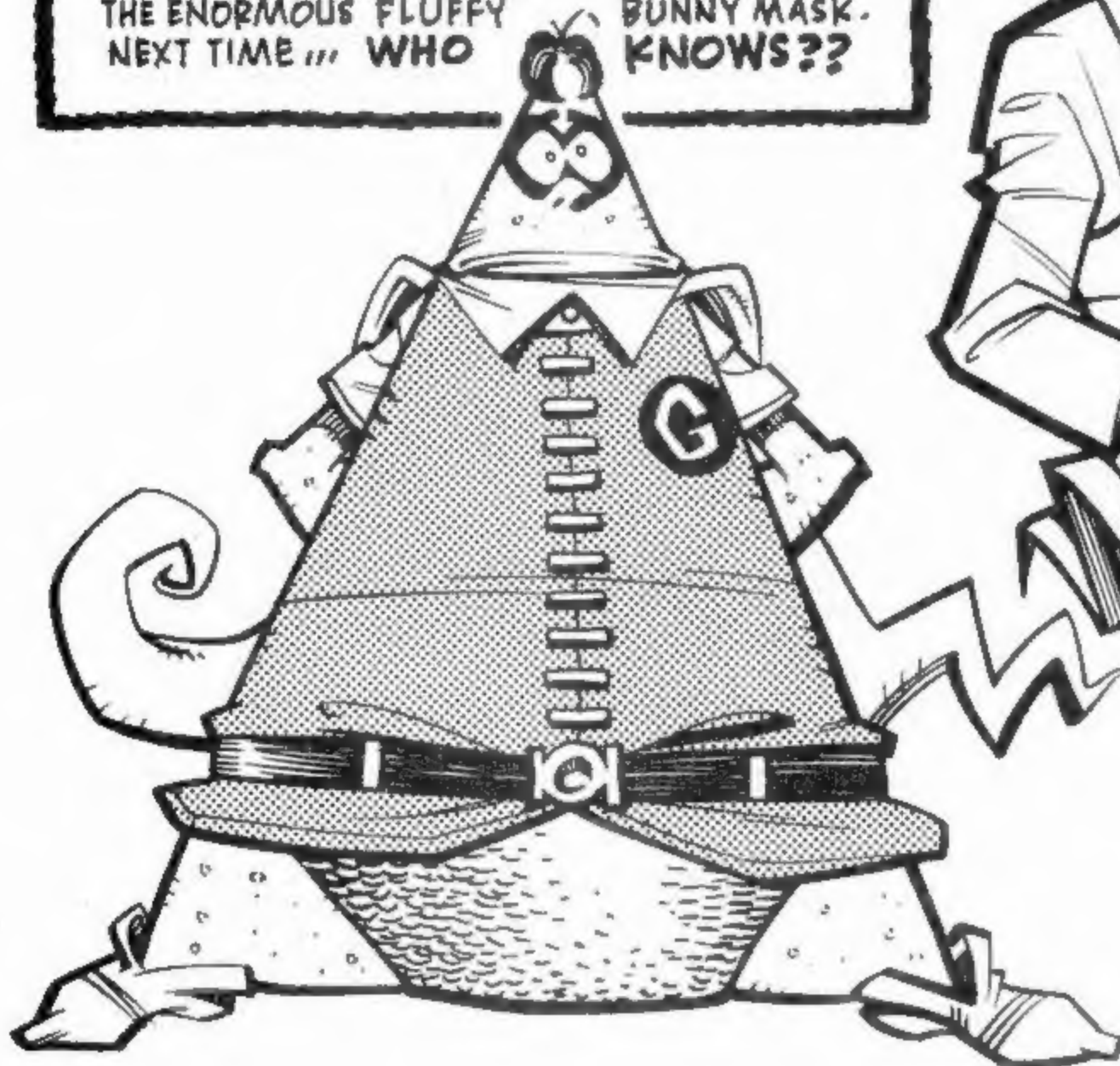


# BLACKMAIL II

THE BAD NEWS FIRST.

THE BAD NEWS IS THAT **YOU HAVEN'T BOUGHT ANY BACK ISSUES** (BUT YOU KNEW THAT ALREADY, DIDN'T YOU?). NOW AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I'VE BEEN TO ON **YOUR ACCOUNT** I CONSIDER THIS A PERSONAL AFFRONT... BUT THE **GOOD NEWS** IS THAT NOW YOU'VE GOT AN **INCENTIVE**. MY GLAMOROUS ASSISTANT THE GUMP HAS AGREED TO SHED ONE ARTICLE OF CLOTHING PER ZOOT! UNTIL EVERY LAST BACK ISSUE IS SOLD. (YES, EVEN THIS SAD, CONFUSED, d'ECCOLESS ISSUE OF ZOOT!). THIS TIME AROUND IT WAS THE ENORMOUS FLUFFY BUNNY MASK. NEXT TIME... WHO KNOWS??

I TRUST FURTHER MEASURES WILL NOT BE NECESSARY.



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- ☐ LEATHER UNDERWEAR

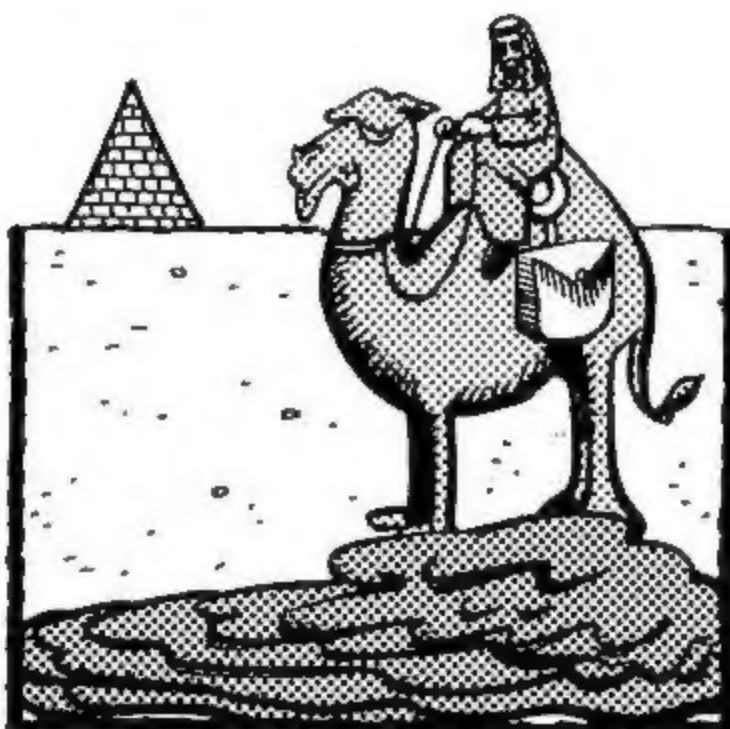
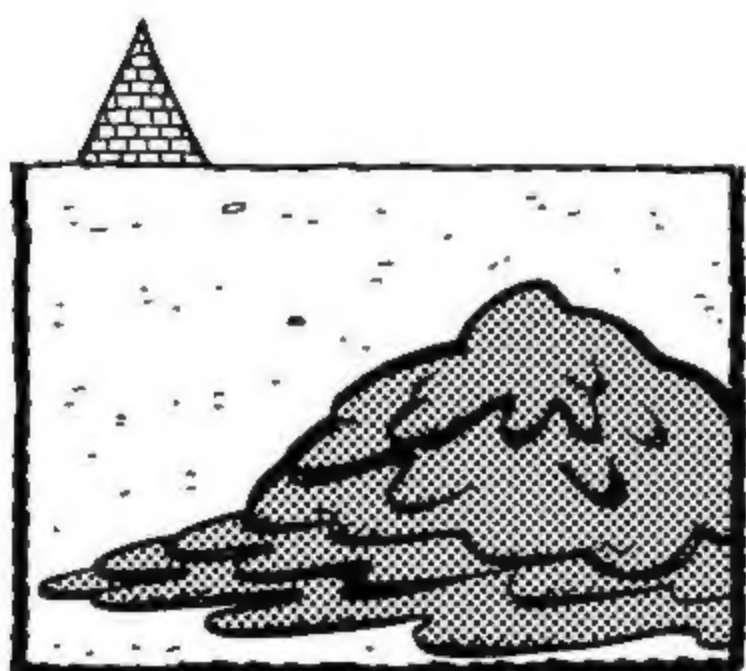
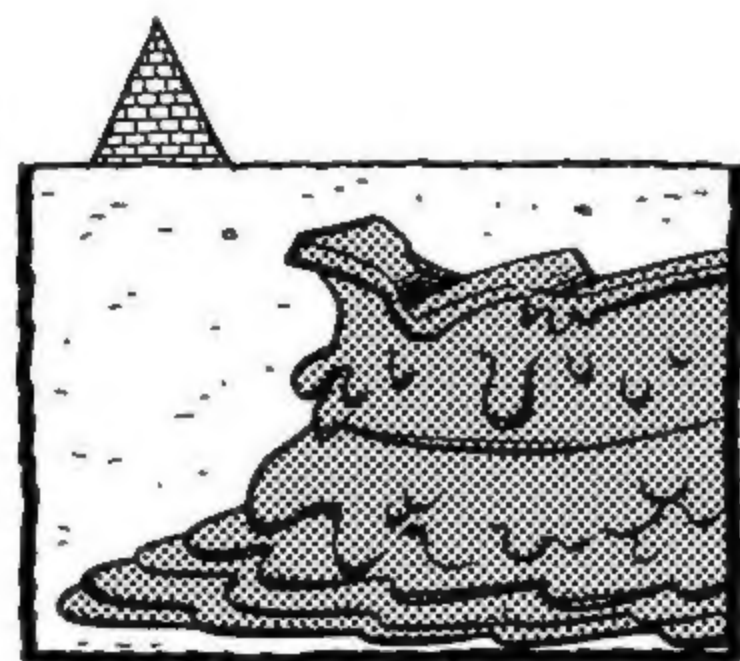
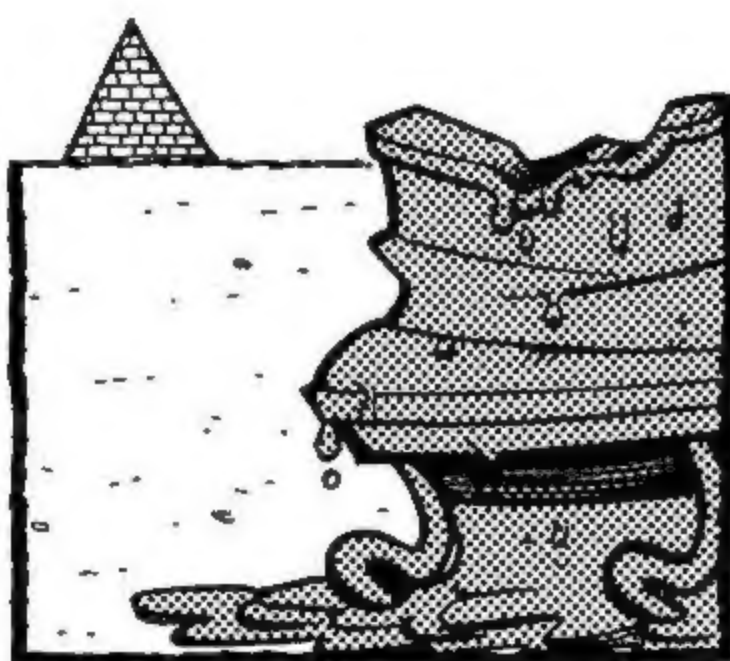
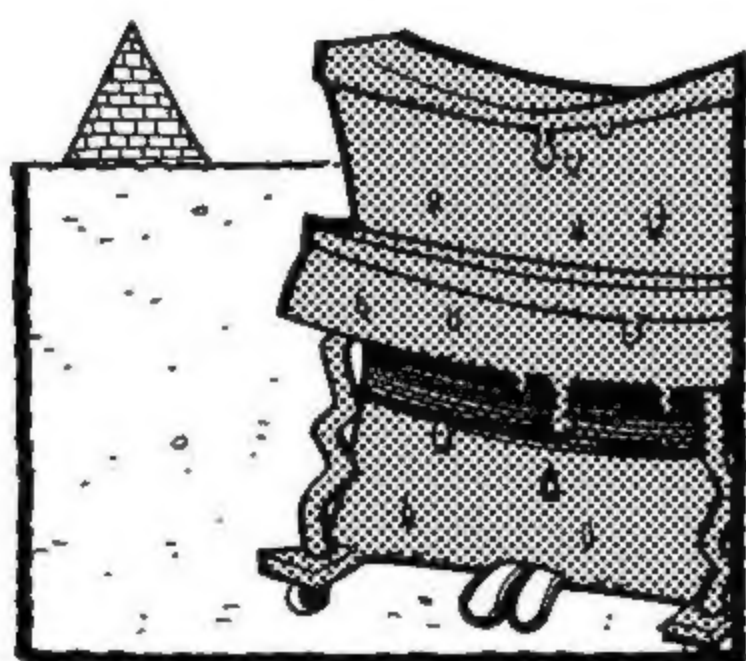
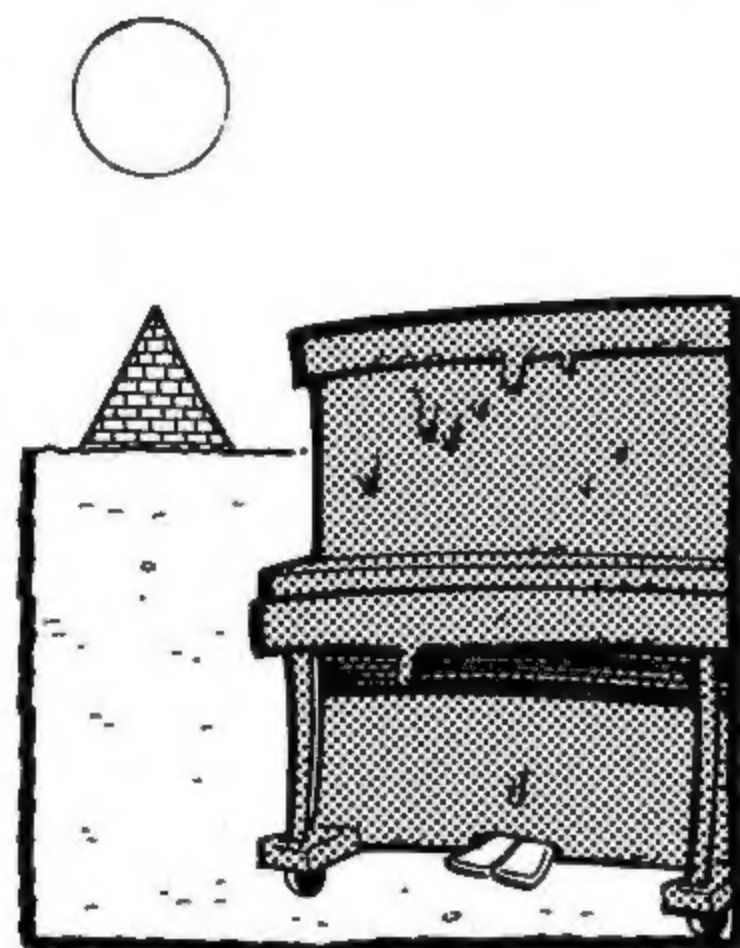
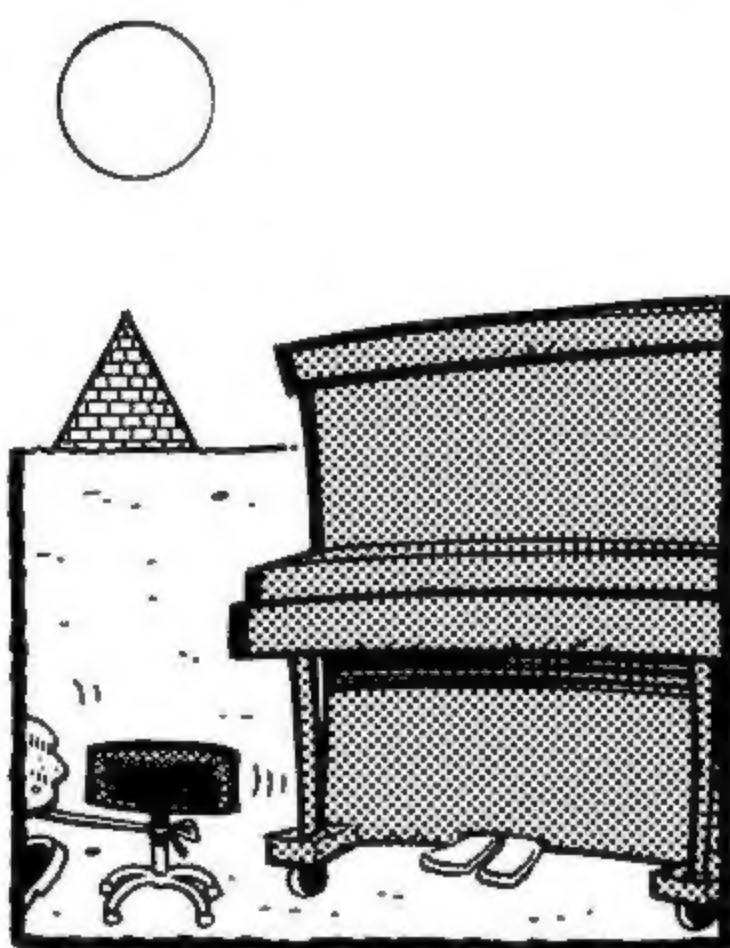
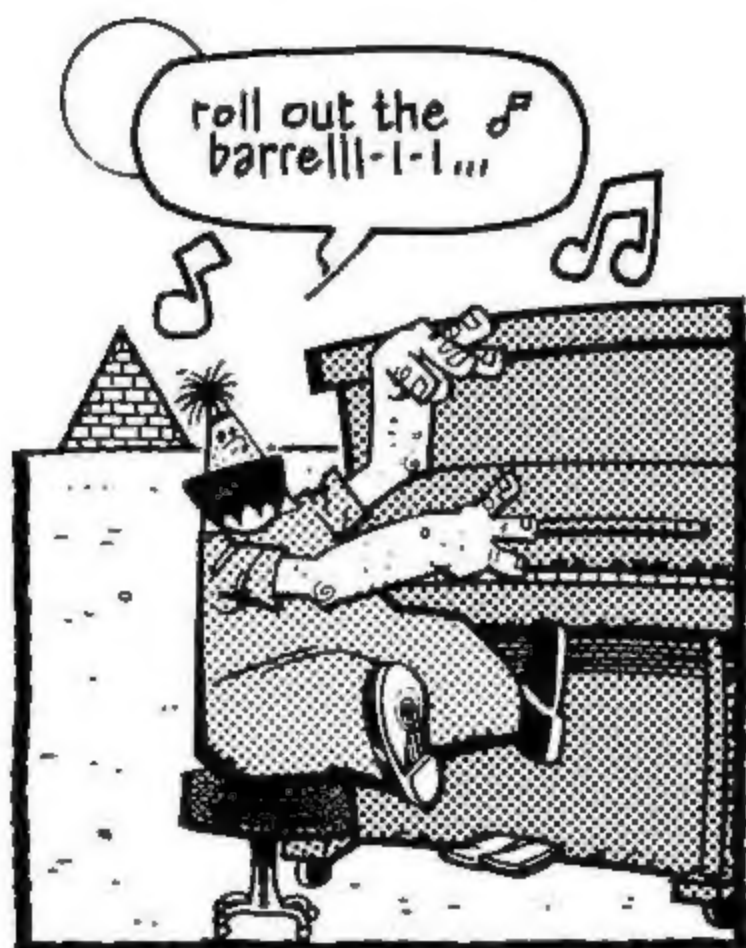
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# PIANO CHOCOLAT







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